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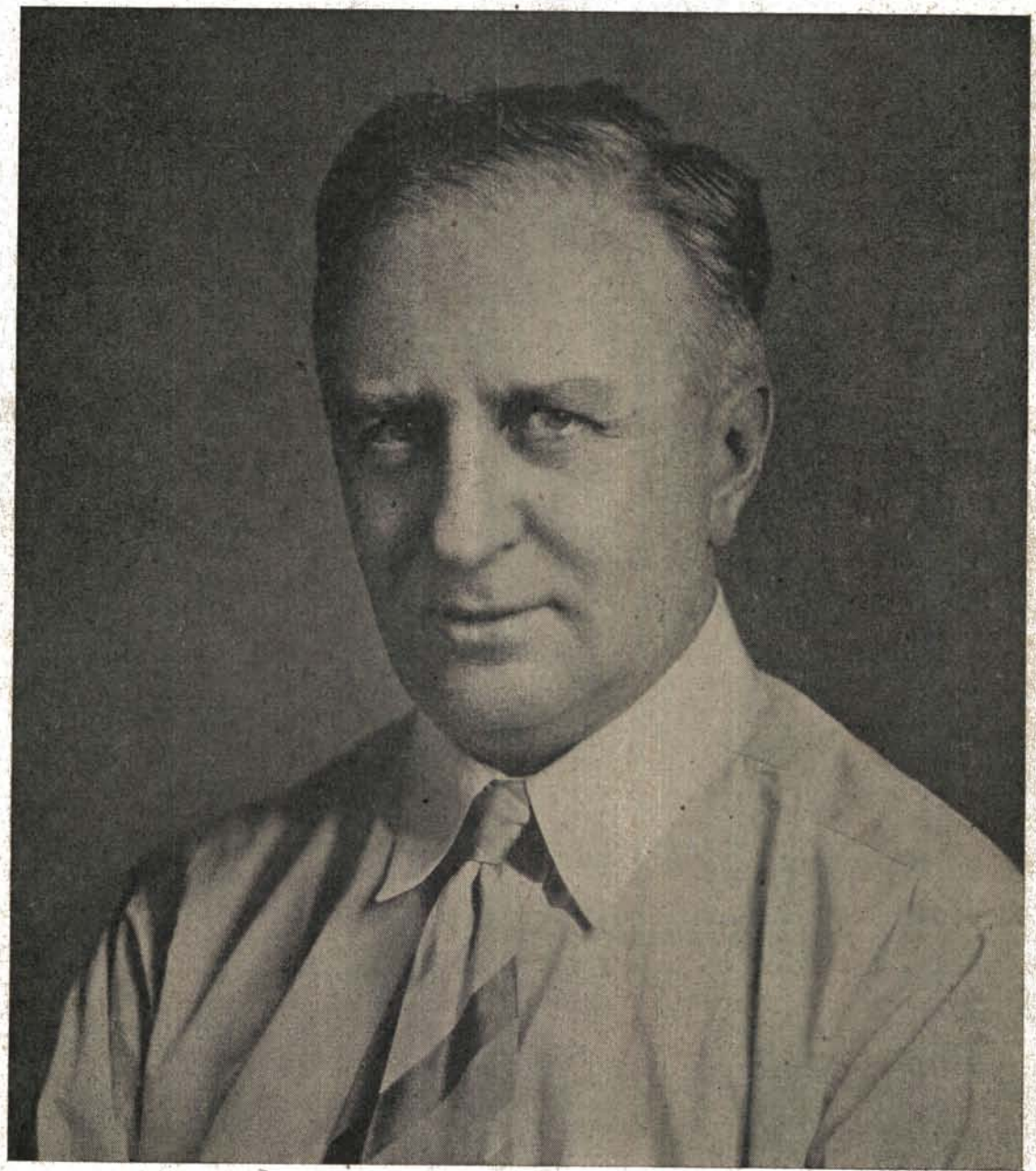

David J. Dallin, author of "The Big Three." *(See page 7)*

German Apologists and the German Record

By LEWIS MUMFORD

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The August
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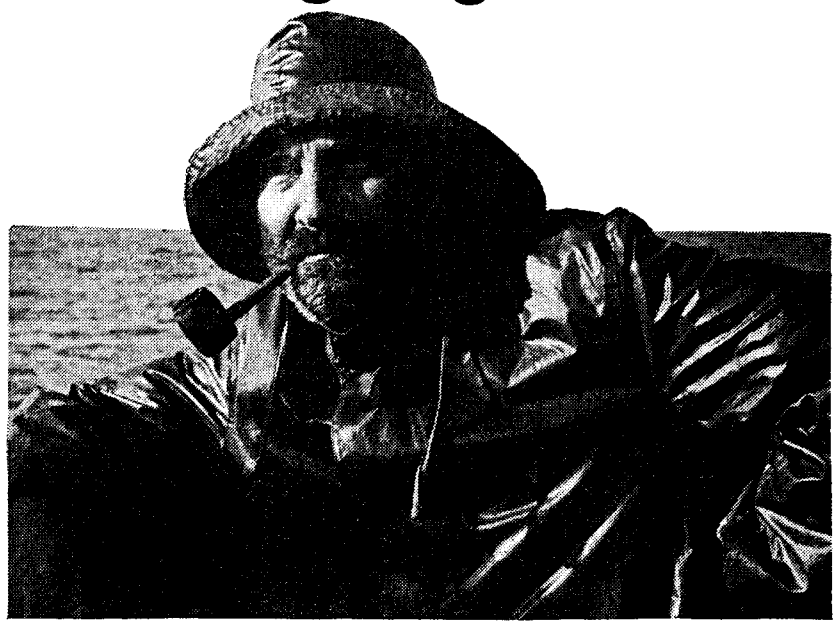
A letter from a fighting man



SILVERSIDES by Robert Trumbull, who wrote THE RAFT *three years ago, is about one of our great new submarines and its crew, captained by a man whom we were anxious to know better from the moment we started reading the manuscript. The book was withheld from publication by the Navy Department for two years, and when it was released, the Navy sent us a personal letter from Burlingame himself, describing to one of his friends ashore a day of Pacific patrol which the magnificent crews of the silent service undergo. Burlingame is exactly the way we knew he was, from Trumbull's portrayal. Those of you who will read* SILVERSIDES *will, we think, be as much interested in him and his letter as we were.*

Dear Ed—

I have been trying for months to take time out to write to you, but even though we seem to have more time than anything else something always comes up.

We are now on patrol and from the way it has started, it promises to be a daisy. A week or so after we left port we surfaced in bright moonlight and started up the channel. After an hour's run we sighted a darkened ship ahead and believing it to be one of our own vessels who should have been somewhere close by, we decided to work our way around him without going through the formality of exchanging recognition signals. But he saw us in the moon slick and gave chase. We blinked our recognition signal, but he came back in Japanese—at least it wasn't American—so, deciding that our friendly vessel was actually on the other team, and probably a destroyer, we let go with a few torpedoes. Our fish missed, and he let go a barrage of depth charges and passed directly over us. The noise of his propellers overhead was like the noise of a freight train when walking through a railroad underpass. After he passed overhead he dropped some more, which only shook us up some. Then commenced a game of hide-and-seek—with us being IT. We came up and started a new game in which we hoped to make him IT—permanently—but he kept well clear of us and finally disappeared over the horizon.

Things had quieted down finally, and the officer of the deck had relieved me at the periscope for the routine run up the channel. I had just gotten into my bunk for the first time, when suddenly the goddamdest bang I ever heard knocked me completely out of the bunk. It knocked everyone off their feet and gave the ship an awful jolt. I got to the conning tower barefooted in record time, wondering on the way how Fran was going to squander my life insurance, and when I got there I thought the damn thing was being torn off the rest of the ship, as more bombs landed. Every light bulb in the ship was knocked out. The barometer jumped off the bulkhead and pieces of it hit me in the face. Half the crew was cut by flying glass. The diving officer didn't need any order to take her down. He managed to maintain depth control, and we levelled off just in time to hear the propellers of the destroyer, our friend of the early morning, coming back. By this time we had figured out that the bombs came from a plane who had seen us under the water while we were trying to attack the destroyer. We rigged ship for depth charge attack again, and the tin can came in for another run. Again the other team had the ball in broken field. He let go at us but our Jesus factor held, and we were not badly shaken. Finally the boys upstairs gave us up, probably crediting themselves with another American submarine.

We surfaced after dark and commenced repairs topside. Just in the middle of this we heard a plane in the moonlight heading for us so we had to pull the plug again in a hurry and get down, just managing to get the repair crew down the conning tower hatch ahead of the Pacific Ocean which ran them a close second.

Fortunately that day wasn't typical, or my hair and beard would be a lot whiter than it is, and it's bad enough now. Most days are pretty godawful with nothing ever happening. And several weeks of nothing is a lot. But there are lots of compensations. No regulations, no red tape, paper work, reports, conferences, uniforms, shaving, or pressure from above. We do as we damn well please, and as long as the results are moderately satisfactory, the town is ours when we get in port. A new crew of repairmen and officers come aboard when we tie up and they take over from us. They send us down to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and tell the Shore Patrol to look the other way, and we have two weeks without a thing in the world to do. I had a seventy-six dollar a day suite last time I was there. One day I was sent over to the Big Office to be interviewed by Hanson Baldwin. I am afraid the interview wasn't exactly what he wanted. I couldn't tell him that life was hell on board, that we lived on vitamin pills and sun lamps, and rotten food. It is monotonous as all hell, but the food is excellent. I never eat fresh vegetables or take exercise anyway, and I won't have a vitamin pill on the table. The damn little black things look too much as though a rabbit had passed that way and tarried a moment.

There is every likelihood of my flying back to the coast after this one. There are only three or four of us who have made more than three patrols, so we can just about ask for the moon, although getting it may be another thing. I rather hope to last out on my old boat, instead of coming back to put another boat in commission as most of the rest are doing. I'd rather fight the Japanese than the Bureau of Ships any time—they are easier to lick.

This has turned into a hell of a lot more letter than I anticipated, and a good deal of it needs censoring, but you know more about that than I do.

Creed

Silversides

By ROBERT TRUMBULL

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
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The Saturday Review of Literature

German Apologists and the German Record

LEWIS MUMFORD

BY the time the First World War ended, a large literature had grown up which examined the history and character of the German peoples and attempted to fathom why they had done and said what they actually had done and said. Some of these books were of German origin; not the least significant were the plans of the German generals at the end of the last war for making the present one. I picked up a copy of that book* on Fifty-Ninth Street in New York a little while ago for ten cents. It had probably been waiting for a buyer, at the same price, for twenty-six years.

Most of this dearly won knowledge of the Germans was wasted: like the well-authenticated stories of German atrocities, it was dismissed, in the words of a noted American historian, as a "tale for babes." Surely the Germans were no different from other people in Europe, except in so far as their industry, patience, scientific skill, and musical ability had made them superior. We promptly forgot the fact that German soldiers had sent secret letters to our Ambassador Gerard, asking him to denounce the German practice of killing Russian prisoners after they had been captured. That, too, was a tale for babes.

When the war ended, we forgot what we had learned. Again we took the Germans at their own estimate. They were a great people who had never wanted the war; some of our historians labored to prove that it had been forced upon them by Russia. As a people we showed more sympathy toward the Germans than we did for the countries whose farms had been devastated, and whose cities and industrial plants had been deliberately destroyed by the German Army in its retreat in 1918. We agreed that everyone had been beastly toward the poor Germans.

Some of the books, written by Germans, which should have reminded us of the nature of the people we so promptly pardoned and so lightly fraternized with at the end of the last war had, indeed, never been translated into English. One of these was by the distinguished German economist, Werner Sombart; its thesis was the precise opposite of Thorstein Veblen's circumspect analysis of Imperial Germany. Sombart called his book "Merchantdom and Herodom," to translate him literally; and he proved to his own satisfaction that the Western powers, particularly England, were a race of grubby merchants, while the Germans were ennobled by war and conquest, living and dying in the style of heroes. If anyone thinks that the germs of Nazism were incubated in a beer-cellar in Munich, and were a product of the chaos that followed upon the peace of Versailles, he shows that he has not even an elementary knowledge of the German mind.

During the last dozen years most of the books that have dealt with Germany have confined themselves to the rise and menace of National Socialism; and the larger part of them, I believe, deal with Hitler's movement as a peculiar, contemporary phenomenon, related politically to post-war developments in Russia, Italy, and Spain, related economically to the dilemmas of capitalism in all industrial countries; but not related specifically to the German traditions, the German education, or the German character itself. The curious process of self-denigration, which makes us think harshly of our own conduct and dismiss the truths we had learned about Germany, still continues. If someone discloses an unpleasant fact about Germany which will make more difficult its rehabilitation as a coöperative member of the United Nations, the writer is promptly dismissed as an exponent of Vansittartism, though Lord Vansittart, despite his polemical over-emphasis, is a far safer adviser than the people who automatically dismiss him.

NOTHING proves the point I am making better than the large batch of books about Germany that has been published the last year.* Many of these books are by exiles from Nazi Germany; some of them have been written by brave men who have been persecuted by Hitler and have suffered at his hands; but most of these books show a lack of self-knowledge on the part of the Germans who have written them which seems a curious compound of wilful ignorance and complacency. Yet even the best of the eight books I have listed would, at critical points, be treacherous guides.

Do not misunderstand me: on the side of fact even the poorest of these books makes some contribution to our knowledge of Germany. But at the same time, even the most carefully

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WORLD WAR. By Baron Von Freytag-Loringhoven, Lieutenant-General and Deputy Chief of the Imperial German Staff. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1918. 212 pp. $1.25.

GERMANY: TO BE OR NOT TO BE? By Gerhart H. Seger and Siegfried K. Marck. New York: Rand School Press. 1943. 190 pp. $2.

BEYOND ALL FRONTS. By Max Jordan. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. 1944. 386 pp. $3.

THE TYRANTS' WAR & THE PEOPLES' PEACE: By Ferdinand A. Hermens. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1944. 250 pp. $2.75.

PRELUDE TO SILENCE. By Arnold Brecht. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. 156 pp. $2.

CIVIL LIFE IN WARTIME GERMANY. By Max Seydewitz. New York: Viking Press. 1945. 448 pp. $3.50.

GERMANY AFTER HITLER. By Paul Hagen. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1944. 240 pp. $2.

GERMANY, A SHORT HISTORY. By George N. Shuster and Arnold Bergstraesser. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1944. 238 pp. $2.75.

RE-EDUCATING GERMANY. By Werner Richter. Translated by Paul Lehmann. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 227 pp. $3.50.

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documented volumes bear the common taint of German apologetics: covertly or openly, they seek to lessen the world's sense of Germany's guilt, to soften her punishment, to diminish the term of her military occupation: to transform the Black Record into a grey one, and to lose the greyness itself in a picture of an international twilight in which all cats are of the same color.

Messrs. Seger and Marck, Mr. Max Jordan, and Mr. Ferdinand Hermens are, for example, more or less united on this thesis: that Germany after the First World War was on the road to democracy; and that it was partly through blunders committed by other nations, not Germany, that this happy development did not take place. Unfortunately for this view, the great improvements in Germany's financial and political state after the Pact of Locarno, which resulted in Germany's being admitted to the League of Nations in 1926, were accompanied by the election of Hindenburg, symbol of Junkerism and militarism, to the Presidency, by the rise of the Nationalist and National Socialist parties, by the almost steady swing toward the completely authoritarian right. None of these authors dwells on the fact that Carl von Ossietzky, in 1927, was sentenced to prison for revealing the secret militarization of Germany at a time when Germany, under Stresemann, was pretending to carry out a pacific and conciliatory policy.

TAKE the careful analysis of the political transformation of Germany by Dr. Arnold Brecht. He has no difficulty in answering the question whether Germany has always been totalitarian in the negative, because he confines his inquiry to the purely legal relationships, without taking any account of underlying purposes and their political content. But if he had asked whether Germany had been always authoritarian and militarist he would have had to answer in the affirmative; and he would have had to point out that this lessens the confidence one could have in the "democratic" intentions of the parties of the socialist Ebert and the Catholic Centrist, Erzberger. Germany was still Social Democratic in the early twenties; but the "impartial" courts of law punished heavily political murders committed by the left and practically exempted from punishment the far more numerous murders committed by the right; so that Dr. Brecht's thesis, that no real manifestation of the fascist danger existed till 1930, is only verbally true. Up to that point Nazism wore more traditional clothes; but those clothes symbolized equal opposition to democracy, to international coöperation, and to any form of peace but a German peace.

Paul Hagen Max Jordan William Ebenstein

"Professor Ebenstein includes the significant facts that anti-Nazi apologists [like Paul Hagen and Max Jordan] leave out of their books."

I need hardly emphasize the weakness of books like "Civil Life in Wartime Germany" and "Germany After Hitler"; for their main assumption, that there was a large undercurrent of opposition to National Socialism, which had only to be released by Hitler's downfall to bring about a profound democratic revolution, has already been proved an hallucination. The millions who hated the Third Reich have now diminished; on inspection, to mere thousands: even when they were armed by Hitler, those who possessed weapons did not turn them against their Nazi rulers. According to reports too numerous and too unanimous to be doubted—including the reports of such ardent defenders of Germany as Miss Dorothy Thompson—the Germans have no sense of their real political position, and certainly no sense of moral guilt.

This last fact is hardly strange. One finds no vivid sense of Germany's guilt even in the professed anti-Nazis; rather they make every effort to lessen this sense. Thus, against those who believe that the peace of the world can only be secured by a profound change within the German people, a change that "must be preceded by sincere atonement, deep repentance, and abject mortification," Messrs. Seger and Marck register an indignant protest: "Has self-righteous moralism," they ask, "any place at the very foundation of a new world order?" If the anti-Nazi exiles speak in this fashion, why should one look for greater self-understanding, for greater self-criticism, among people who have breathed nothing but Nazi propaganda for the last fifteen years? The whole problem of peace, for writers like Max Jordan, is how to make people forget what Germans are and what they have done, so that they will be treated with forbearance, with generosity, with gentleness.

Under the guise of Christian charity, these writers would have the United Nations throw away the principles of justice, by being kinder to the Germans than to their victims; and they would have us abandon every vestige of political prudence—permitting the Germans to manage their destinies without further control or surveillance. The point of view such people advocate has already influenced and corrupted the judgment of many Americans in positions of authority. How otherwise could one account for the report that the seized German gold, obtained by Nazi robbery from the countries Germany had occupied, would be used by the American authorities to pay for food for the starving *Germans*. That monstrous perversion of justice only registers how far our principles have been eroded away by the unceasing pleas of the exiles to treat Germany leniently, sympathetically, mercifully. Though the authors of these books come from many different groups, with different professions, different religious and political biases, they present a picture of Germany whose acceptance by us would perpetuate the illusions that allowed the Germans to wage their second campaign of conquest and would enable them to gather strength for a third.

WHAT are these illusions? The first is that Germany does not differ in its background, its culture, or its purposes from any other European state; it may be a little retarded; but it is headed in the same general direction. This is the illusion fostered by the modest little book written by Mr.

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Power Politics and the Coming Peace

THE BIG THREE. The United States, Britain, Russia. By David J. Dallin. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1945. 292 pp. Maps and Index. $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

"IN a quarrelsome family of nations," Mr. Dallin reminds us, "a nation cannot at one and the same time be both the strongest and most passive member of the family.... It is therefore shortsighted to expect that America is headed for a long period of peace after the war."

For the United States, now the strongest nation in the world, this is a salutary warning. In the interests of peace she owes herself an honest appraisal of the changed international scene, of the dynamic forces ceaselessly at work in it, of its three main trouble centers. She must take immediate stock, continues Mr. Dallin, of the other two members of the Big Three alliance, Britain and Russia. Above all, she must get a frank look at herself in the twin mirrors of her history and her new position as the world's leading power. These, and not complacent faith in Bretton Woods, San Francisco, and Potsdam, are prerequisite steps to a realistic peace.

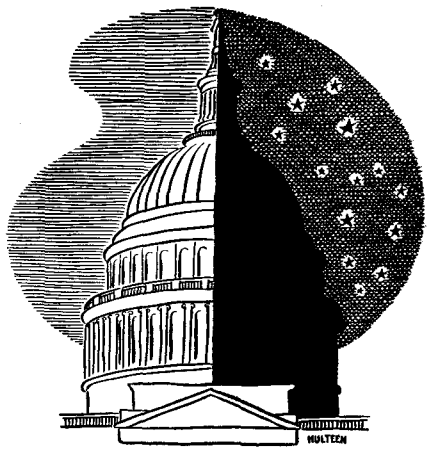
In taking these steps no guide could be timelier, clearer, or sounder than "The Big Three." In its well-documented pages the author has outlined in sharp focus the history of the foreign policy of each of the three great powers and brought up to date the record of its power politics throughout the globe. It is a somber, even disturbing book.

Americans find it hard to realize that it was only half a century ago that the United States rose to the rank of a great power. As late as Pearl Harbor Britain was the world's Number One naval power. Since 1941 America has forged ahead into first place and the fearful responsibilities that go with that rank. One of the most revolutionary aspects of her new eminence is the fact that for the first time in four centuries it is America and not Britain that rules the waves. In the post-war period the United States fleet will most certainly be two or three times as large as that of the British Empire.

In his discussion of the decisive role of sea power in history Mr. Dallin points out that the leading nations have invariably had naval supremacy and that the strongest of the sea powers has always been first among the great powers. Russia, significantly and understandably, is intensely navy conscious. Soviet naval officers and officials were liquidated because "they tried to prove that our country does not need a great navy." Marshal Tukhachevsky was charged with crimes against the Big Navy program. According to report, he had in his capacity as a leader of the armed forces opposed naval expansion. In 1939 the

Soviet had more submarines than Germany and Japan together, the author tells us. The following year she added three times as many new submarines as in 1939. As soon as possible she will undoubtedly push her naval program and, as she has done in the past, move to get one or more outlets to the ocean.

"There is no no-man's land in any system of world policy. Power relations, like nature, abhor a vacuum." Mr. Dallin is referring to the historic trouble centers in Europe, the Middle East, and the Far East. Power relations especially abhor a vacuum in the strategic strip of territory that stretches uneasily from the Baltic to the Adriatic. When Hitler's tanks rumbled into this unhappy region in September 1939, it was occupied by the 126 million citizens of thirteen states. From 1918 to 1939 French power was a factor there. When the Battle of Stalingrad was won Russia made the Baltic-Adriatic *zwischenland* top item on her agenda. Moscow too knows that whoever is master of this zone is master of Europe. "Soviet leaders are as well aware as others that control over



the Middle Region is not a real way of insuring security." But control serves the unique ends of their foreign policy.

In the second trouble spot—the Middle East—Britain and Russia have been expanding toward each other for more than a century. "This is the classical region of 'buffer states,' of 'spheres of influence,' of political bribery on a large scale, of industrial 'concessions,' and of 'oil diplomacy'." Here nationalist sentiment, religious orientation, railroads, and oil have all served as instruments of big power penetration. The Soviet, for instance, formerly supported Arab rather than Jewish nationalism. Since 1942, Mr. Dallin tells us, Russia has reversed her policy of opposition to Zionism. It is Britain's predominance in the Middle East, of course, that accounts for the Kremlin's moves.

The oil of the Middle East, in the words of the late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, "could create a hundred Rockefellers." Britain, Germany, France, Russia, and the United States have all played petroleum politics in this microcosm of *Weltpolitik*. Britain and the United States really want the oil; political guarantees are means to their economic end. For the oil-rich Soviet the black gold is secondary—even, the author says, a mere pretext. Of the world's oil reserves of 9.5 billion tons Russia is reported to have 6.4 billion tons as against America's 1.8. The Soviet's chief objective is to keep rival powers from getting a stake in this potential Russian sphere.

In the Far East, Britain and Russia were foremost among the expansionist powers. "Britain was everywhere and advanced along all roads. . . . Without British help Japan would hardly have risen to greatness." While the European powers were being eliminated from China, Japan moved into the vacuum and finally defeated Britain in the Far East. In the final settlement of affairs in this theatre the old British empire will take part as "the ally and 'junior partner' of the younger great power—the United

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States." Does that foreshadow an Anglo-Saxon superstate?

And now that dominant Russia and the United States face each other in the Far East, what of the peace? Soviet policy makes a sharp distinction as between lands peopled by Russians or other Soviets and those in which non-Russians and non-Soviets are in the majority. In the Far East Kremlin policy "must avoid the slightest outward resemblance to the policies of conquest practiced by Japan, Britain, Germany and old Russia—policies which were resented and hated by the peoples of the Orient." Will the United States prove as adroit in handling the ticklish and vital Chinese problem? Unless she does, V-J Day may be just another day in the old Far Eastern conflict.

Mr. Dallin offers interesting suggestions for some of the world's political dilemmas. "The re-emergence of Japan as a buffer and ally in the witch knot of Far Eastern relations becomes probable." He believes that she "will remain a great economic organism." As for Germany, "a cow cannot be used for milk and slaughter at the same time." Europe needs Germany's industry, railroads, coal, and "the capabilities of her people." Mr. Dallin feels that "harsh treatment of the vanquished, emotionally an intelligible requirement, in the case of Germany is no guarantee against a possible German threat." It would be erroneous to say, however, that Mr. Dallin favors a "soft peace," or anything like it. He is tough about Germany, but argues for a continental, rather than a national, approach to the problem. In his concluding chapter he warns: "The coming period in world history will be, at best, a period of armed peace."

"The Big Three" is lucid and objective. It anatomizes the global situation so that the essentials stand out for both expert and layman. It simplifies without oversimplifying. It grinds no axes and plays no favorites. Whether we like it or not, a street demonstration in Isfahan or a change of government in London concerns the business man in New York, the industrial worker in Detroit, and the farmer in Podunk Center. The sooner we all realize this the better.

Bridges Between U. S. and Russia

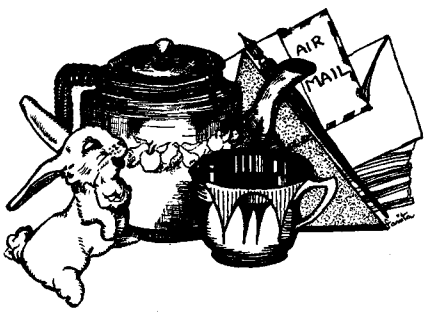
THE RUSSIA I BELIEVE IN. By Samuel N. Harper. Edited by Paul V. Harper. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 278 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

DR. SAMUEL HARPER, son of the first president of the University of Chicago and for very many years a teacher of Russian civilization at that university, died suddenly and unexpectedly in the early morning of January 18, 1943. He was well known to a great number of friends, not only in the United States, as a most lovable and human personality but also as a most faithful and warm champion of Russia and her cause. His interest in Russia dated back to 1900 when his father returned from that country and launched the young student on the little explored subject. Samuel Harper was then eighteen years old. Two years later he went to Paris to study the Russian language and in February 1904 he arrived in Moscow for his first visit to Russia. From that time on he spent his whole life dealing with Russian problems and trying to build firm and durable bridges between the United States and Russia, the two lands of his love and loyalty.

At the time of his death Professor Harper was at work on his memoirs which he completed as far as 1937 and which have been edited and carried on by his brother who from material left by Samuel Harper brought the story to June 1941. The memoirs are written in an easy and conversational style and will be welcome to the author's friends. They give a vivid picture of Sam Harper himself, of his love and friendship for people of very different walks of life, of the kindness of his heart, of his ability to enjoy life and to make it enjoyable for others. Thus they will in no way disappoint his friends. But they are not as revealing about Russia as those who had looked forward to their reading had expected. There is very little in them that is new and even not much which could be regarded as a significant interpretation of, or a deep insight into, trends and situations in a well known and often explored period of recent history.

There are some interesting pages on the period of "intervention" by the Allies in Russia after the Bolshevik seizure of power. Harper wished to replace the word "intervention" by the word "assistance" which would help Russia getting back into the war against Germany instead of deserting her Allies in their most critical hour. He wrote on June 30, 1918—more than three months after the surrender of Brest-Litovsk which made the tremendous Hindenburg offensive possible—to Richard Crane: "I do not recognize that the state of war between Russia and Germany has ceased to exist, the constructive forces in Russia do not recognize the Brest-Litovsk peace; so military assistance would not be intervention." And the character sketch of Batolin, a Russian who came over to organize that assistance, helps to make understandable the new class of intelligentsia which had arisen from peasant stock, shrewd and active men who had retained the traditional suspicion of the intellectual as well as of the politician. Harper was rightly opposed to intervention unless it was done on a very large scale and accompanied by extensive economic aid to the completely exhausted country which Russia had become after the first months of the Bolshevik revolution. Unfortunately America was unable and unwilling for intervention of such a nature.



Professor Harper has some highly appreciative remarks about Ambassador Troyanovsky and his staff, especially "two younger men, Nieman and Romn, of unusual intellectual ability and social charm. They were to suffer in the 1937 purge, although I have never been able to understand why, because I never detected the slightest indication of disloyalty to the regime they represented." He thinks that the purge started constructively, but got out of hand and soon became a destructive nightmare. In May 1939 Harper witnessed a play in Moscow which castigated the excesses of the purge to which many honest and loyal Bolsheviks had fallen victim but showed that the central leadership had come to the rescue and saved the people from the stupidity and evil nature of the local leaders. Thus, as in Czarist times, the dire oppression did not shake the faith of the masses, but on the contrary increased the respect for the far-off central authorities who became saviors from the mistakes of the local officials. The period of the purges and of the complete elimination of all foreigners and students from Russia after 1936 made life difficult for Professor Harper who had to explain Russia to his fellow-Americans. But Professor Harper was helped over this difficult period by his deep love for the Russian people and his unshakable faith in the Soviet government.

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The Personality of Vence

IMMORTAL VILLAGE. By Donald Culross Peattie. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 210 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELLIOT PAUL

THIS book is a summary of what historical records yield concerning Vence, a small and very beautiful town in Provence. The bulk of it was written by Mr. Peattie fifteen years ago, when he lived there. Lately he has revised it, not in style but in historical content. All the facts are slightly colored with his literary personality, his tolerance, and his gently hopeful outlook for mankind.

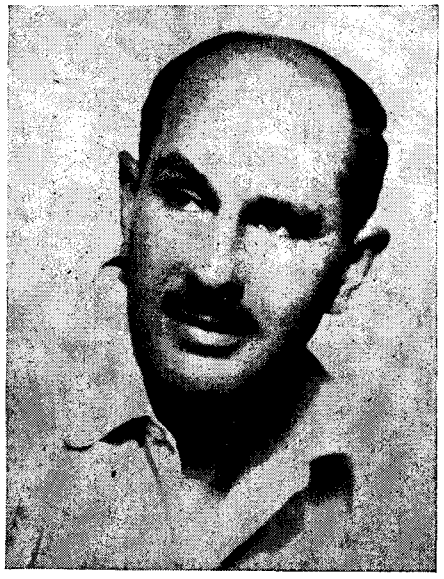
No one who likes the sound and savor of words can fail to enjoy Mr. Peattie's introduction, describing certain physical and human aspects of Vence as it was at the end of World War I. For Vence, that had been taken, ravaged, destroyed, rebuilt, victimized, besieged, destroyed again and again, and had risen from its own ashes like the Phoenix, during many centuries, World War I was just another distressing incident. Doubtless the townspeople feel the same about World War II, in the course of which they were "saved" by American troops.

The reader may revel in the sight of its old walls and ruins, and its modern fauna and flora. Mr. Peattie has the advantage of nearly anyone in describing "nature," since he is a naturalist as well as a writer and knows the names of practically all of the trees, shrubs, birds, and flowers. One feels the same disadvantage in comparison with Mr. Peattie as a master of descriptive passages that one feels on the Mediterranean waterfront when a fisherman (or woman), brought up in the Catholic faith, can out-curse one tenfold because of the poetic and expressive names of unfamiliar saints.

Fifteen years ago, Mr. Peattie did not indulge in bursts of virtuosity, so the body of the compact little book is simply written, indeed. His attitude is lenient toward barbarians and bandits, indulgent toward theologians, and fatalistic until the end, where he adds a postscript reminding us that "the people" who survive fire, pestilence, and sword, however few they may be, "emerge triumphant."

"And the people," Mr. Peattie concludes, "even in streets with an ocean running down the middle—must recognize one another as neighbors."

So "Immortal Village" begins and ends with a modern note, while the meat of the sandwich is factual; in so far as old records can produce anything in terms of life and living. From



Donald Culross Peattie: "the people even in streets with an ocean running down the middle must recognize one another as neighbors."

the site of Vence we view the stone age, the dark ages, the classic age, the middle ages, the Renaissance, reformation, the monarchies and revolutions, up to the present. Tribal chiefs, sorcerers, gods and goddesses, feudal lords, knights, robbers, kings, queens, bishops, and magistrates are born, they fight, they die. Meanwhile they almost invariably victimize the "town." Looking backward across these centuries of futility and abuse, little progress is discernible. Surviving names, dates, and versions of events leave little impression of the daily life that must have persisted and even flourished.

The story is interesting, and almost equally discouraging. True, mankind has survived a series of terrific beatings. Whether, broadly speaking, mankind has learned much of anything constructive, seems the more open to question the farther one looks back. This is not Mr. Peattie's idea, and he has not so expressed it. What he offers, nevertheless, brings up the question.

From time immemorial the people of Vence seem to have had a strong instinct to defend themselves against tyranny and oppression. There never has been a decade when they were not faced with the necessity of so doing. Their leaders have always proved venal, their enemies unscrupulous, their allies unreliable, their own outlook somewhat muddled. So it must have been in all the other communities.

"One might accomplish the same result by writing the history of a Sicilian village or that of any other Mediterranean town," Mr. Peattie writes. "Many such have had more illustrious histories, though that of Vence is not to be despised; after all, it gave four saints and one pope to the world, one of its seigneurs was put in Paradise by Dante, and for almost fifteen hundred years it was a cathedral city."

The sun has always shone over Vence, or the moon at night, and in a setting of intense natural beauty the people of Provence have been unjustly cheated of tranquility and the fruits of their imagination, but between the lines many of them must have enjoyed themselves. They must have had their aspirations and their moments of satisfaction. They will continue to do so.

Mr. Peattie's book appears at an opportune time. A careful reading of it will make it clear to almost anyone that "history" has got to be improved upon, not by shiftless easy stages, but radically and thoroughly.

Rain

By Nathaniel Burt, Ensign, U.S.N.R.

(1)

WHEN it is raining
As first the eyes are opened.
When it is raining and the room is grey;
When it is raining
And still very early,
How sweet to turn, and sigh, and sleep again.
Sleep again with the rain falling early
And splattering the roof as a water-rattled drum
And far-off morning coming slowly and slowly,
And dreams coming sooner
Hidden from the rain.

(2)

As the clock strikes ten
And the first rain comes down
And in the heart then
In the mind, long brown
Clouds of sleep begin to drift, hushed,
And the sound of the street is low
And the room-sound empty,
And the breath slow.

All things that are not understood,
What are they now?
Might makes all belief good
And each faith certain.
Taking, then, all the peace the dark will allow,
Turn off the light,
Draw the curtain.

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Propositions and Short Stories

THE FACTS OF LIFE. By Paul Goodman. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1945. 261 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

"IN literature every man is his own Columbus," said the Hungarian novelist, Joszi Remenyi. But should not a Columbus, when he is returned from his voyage, still speak his native tongue, still use a symbology familiar to his countrymen? It once was so. In the Age of Fable even the exploration of man's internal life was told in terms of his external surroundings. Nowadays the situation is reversed; the simplest external happenings are described in a complex and arbitrary language supposedly natural to the subjective interior. When Paul Goodman rewrites the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, for instance, you will learn more by taking a long walk. Orpheus should live so long this should happen to him.

The only practical way to describe such writing is to employ its own mechanisms. Attend, therefore, while "The Facts of Life," by Paul Goodman, is considered.

Paul Goodman, writer and thinker, is a man (is it vanity or fear which causes us to bestow this title with such care, when the designation is so obvious?) who says of his work, "My attempt is to reinforce the continuity between personal and public concern by drawing on the nature prior to individuality." Never mind reaching for the dictionary; it won't help. There is a note in one of the minor songs of Mahler which expresses the idea perfectly, but it must be played upon the clavichord, not on the bassoon—Mahler here made the error remarked upon by Tschaikovsky when he discovered it in Anton Rubenstein—and for proper effects the setting should be a forest of eucalyptus trees, all of them under nine years of age. As Grieg remarked to Brahms, speaking of Wagner, "I would have asked him to join me in a glass of beer, but he was already drunk." Obviously neither one had read Eliphas Levi's commentary on Kircher's "Edipus Egypticus." Goodman's statement of the metaphysic is concise, clear, and divorced from that superstition which has clouded its meaning for so long.

Goodman also says, "I accept most of the propositions of Aristotle, Kant, Marx, and Freud." Whether this is a gain for the four gentlemen mentioned or whether it is all velvet for Goodman is something for the reader to decide as he cuts his way with machete and blowtorch through the trackless labyrinth of this collection of Goodman's short stories. The first one is in the orthodox fashion of tale-telling, no more complicated than a piece by Henry James. The second one, which lends its title to the book itself, is a little masterpiece, compounded of humor, realism, and ordinary lowdown human nature. The third one, "A Ceremonial," is a bit of whimsy; the fourth reads like a footnote from a text-book on abnormal psychology. After that the reader is on his own. What he gets from the following 187 pages will be the product of his own genius.

It is not that Goodman follows in the footsteps of Joyce, for that master, when he was not crystal clear, left a trail which with a little effort could be followed, and which led to sylvan glades. Goodman leaves no trails and there are no glades concealed in his prose. Perhaps it is the combination of Aristotle, Kant, Marx, and Freud which causes the trouble. Any man who accepts almost all of the propositions of this quartet, so diversified in time and in thought, must be a little confused.

Apparently Goodman understands himself perfectly, for in his preface to the last piece in the book he says, "With this work I return again to writing for the stage." Since there is no indication before this that he has been engaged in the creation of drama, you can see that something is missing from the normal relation of author and reader. Compare this with what Gibbon's distinguished sponsor said to him upon the completion of "The Decline and Fall"—"Scribble, scribble, scribble, eh Mr. Gibbon?"—and you have the whole thing. No matter how great is a piece of art, or how edified the public which receives it, the profit is most in the soul of the artist. Thus Goodman, thus art, thus I, intruder on the scene, now returning to my carapace.

Paul Goodman "leaves no trails and there are no glades concealed in his prose."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

HEAVEN WILL PROTECT THE WORKING GIRL!

Heaven wasn't always on the job in the case of the ten working girls described in this week's quiz. How many of them do you remember? Allow 5 points if you can either call her by name or name the story in which she appears, and another 5 if you can recall the author. A score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 35.

1. Fascinated by the dapper young traveling salesman who stopped at her father's drapery shop, she eloped with him to Paris.
2. She worked behind the perfume counter at Saks' until one rainy afternoon when a handsome and wealthy lawyer stopped in.
3. At the gasfitter's ball this plumber's daughter turned typist met a man who swore undying faithfulness but left her waiting at the church.
4. Just a working girl in a shirt factory, she unfortunately fell in love with her foreman, who was the boss's nephew, a situation which eventually led to her death by drowning and his by electrocution.
5. Because she was determined to become an actress, this girl took a job selling blouses at Macy's so she could interview agents during her lunch hour.
6. Secretary to a famous criminal lawyer, she works long hours trying to keep him out of trouble with the police.
7. Though this working girl had to live on six dollars a week, one look at the photograph of General Kitchener on her dresser kept her from accepting a dinner date with a rat named Piggy.
8. As assistant to Delphine of Delphine Detaille Inc., she promoted the sale of a highly exclusive perfume called Olympia.
9. Her first job was making stems for artificial flowers at five dollars a week.
10. This uninhibited damsel was in charge of the pornographic book department of a most peculiar department store.

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A Monograph on Mr. Tomlinson

HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

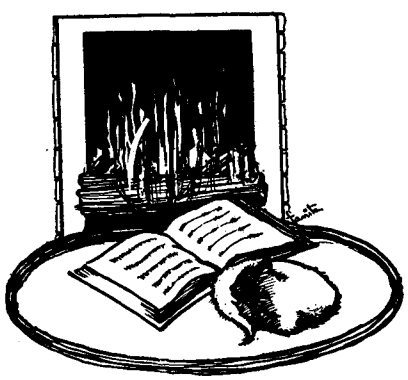
IN the first place, I have always known I wanted to write a monograph before I died. (This is connected, I think, with my reading of the Sherlock Holmes stories at an impressionable age, eight to nineteen. And while I'm still within the parentheses, I herewith present, for free, a notion to what must be millions of writers, at this very moment gazing out across fire-escapes, clothes-lines, and garbage pails, frantic for subjects for their quills. How's for a piece that tells the truth about the Sherlock Holmes stories, how contrived, how infantile, how maybe half of one-dimensional they are?") In the second place, Mrs. Tomlinson kept repeating it would probably be the last friendly act I would ever be able to do for Gordon and she was sure she didn't have to tell me, if the situation were reversed—.

Gordon Tomlinson has now been with his fathers slightly more than three years and my monograph—the title page reads, "GORDON TOMLINSON, An Appreciation, With An Attempt At Critical Appraisal, A Memoir," Privately Printed, MDCCCXLI—appeared after what Mrs. Tomlinson called a decent interval. It is at her suggestion that I have prepared this slightly rewritten version, with an eye to getting a wider circulation than was possible with three hundred copies of which forty-two are still at the printer's.

By unspoken agreement with Mrs. Tomlinson, I did not in my monograph go into Gordon's enormously successful financial life. At the age of twenty-two, as is fairly well known, he reluctantly but uncomplainingly turned his back upon a life of letters to take full charge of the family isinglass interests, in consequence of the death of his father, and his residual estate was so fabulous that three states—New York, Florida, and Wisconsin—are still snarling in the courts over their share of the inheritance taxes. His isinglass triumphs, however, had been authoritatively recorded by *Fortune* and lengthy obituary notices in all parts of the country, and so it was his literary remains—the few fugitive efforts he had found time and opportunity to put to paper, she called them—with which Mrs. Tomlinson asked me, who knew him well in and since his college days, to concern myself.

I spent an extremely pleasant two weeks as Mrs. Tomlinson's guest at their great place, Mon Repos, not far from Schenectady, New York. His secretaries had gone through his files carefully, leaving me only with his writings, and the notes and correspondences pertaining thereto. With one unimportant exception—three lengthy letters to the President of the United States, all beginning "I don't care if you and that Gestapo you call the F. B. I. send me to Siberia for life, if it's the last thing I do," which he had never mailed and which he had promised his lawyers he would destroy, but of which, nevertheless, he had kept copies—I was able to include the entire product of his ventures into belles lettres in my monograph.

The accumulated material seemed to Mrs. Tomlinson to fall rather naturally into three major subdivisions. I wasn't sure, nor am I now, that she



didn't subdivide a bit too arbitrarily, but the point is relatively inconsequential, and I didn't argue it.

The subdivisions are "Juvenilia," which would be from his seventh to his twentieth years: "The Lean Years," from his taking over of isinglass to the gigantic, testimonial banquet tendered him by his isinglass associates on his fiftieth birthday: and "The Sage of Mon Repos," covering the few years still left him.

"Juvenilia"

The very first thing he wrote was a letter to his grandfather, at the time Attorney-General of the United States, which later found its way back into Gordon's keeping. At the bottom of the page is a notation from the Attorney-General to the President under whom he was serving: "How's this for a precocious little bastard? Please return." The letter was returned, so there must have been an answer, but it seems to have been lost.

Gordon's letter—Opus No. 1, I called it in my monograph—reads: "Dere Gramp How Ar Yu Lov Gordon Tomlinson."

It is a matter of six years—perhaps they were productive, perhaps not, it is unlikely now that one will ever know—before the appearance of his next bit of writing, this time in print. It is from the columns of *Res Academicae,* published weekly, from October through May, by the students of Washington's Crossing Academy, Washington's Crossing, New Jersey.

There are, first, four lines, credited to "Exchange":

"Before"
There are meters of accent
And meter of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meter alone.

Immediately below this, separated by a three-em dash, under the heading of "After," there are four more lines of verse, signed Gordon Schermerhorn Tomlinson:

There are letters of accent
And letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to letter alone.

It's the only time he ever included the "Schermerhorn" in his name. This is significant, in the light of his later "Tomlinson Law of Nomenclature."

There follow two clippings, each signed "G. T.," from F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" in the *New York Tribune.* The first: "Someone, myself, to be exact, wants to know what is the present relationship of William Sulzer to the State of New York. That's not hard. He's a Governor, once removed." The second: "Do you suppose that's where Zeigfeld got his title, from Thomas Moore? You know, 'My only books were women's looks, and folly's all they taught me.'?"

A blurred, torn item from the *Harvard Lampoon,* month undecipherable, 1916, constitutes the fifth item:

Well old pal things have been so quiet around here you could hear a pin drop as they say but the Bros. if they taught me anything they taught me doing something no matter what it is that's all ways better than waste prescious minutes that might never return so here am I in this dump if I never see it again that's too soon writing you this letter. But you know me Al a man can be down but he's never out until the empire says three strikes and then he's still got a chance if the catcher dont hold onto the ball and some of the catchers Gleason asked come to spring training all I wish is I could get the glue consescion only there's not a chance they'll stick around but will wind up in the 3-Eye league or somewhere as happen to know hes counting on me to work every game.

There was, unquestionably, more to this, but the fragment I am causing to be reprinted is all that has been preserved.

Gordon served overseas, as a fly speck in the AEF, during what for

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twenty-five years arrogantly called itself The War, a title it has recently had kicked out of its teeth. In a letter to his father, written from Coblenz, in the late spring of 1918, he enclosed a copy of some lines of his, meant as a tribute to Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, that had appeared in *The Stars and Stripes,* a week after Kilmer's old regiment, the New York Sixty-Ninth, had had its triumphant parade up Fifth Avenue:

Today the Sixty-Ninth parades—
I cannot see them through the trees.

The trees who lift their arms in thanks
That those they love have wandered back,
And call a benediction down
Upon the ones who stayed behind
To guard the trees of France.

The trees who through the winter days
Unbendingly present their arms.
The trees who stand so firmly there,
A thin line of eternity.
Nor snow nor rain can wash from them
Their certain immortality.

The Sixty-Ninth parades today—
I cannot see them through the trees.

"The Lean Years"

Gordon became a vice-president in charge of production, executive director, and general manager of isinglass, two weeks after his twenty-second birthday, and there is no evidence of literary activity, per se, for the following eight years. To be sure, Gordon's secretaries have assured me that his business correspondence was never stereotyped and that few letters left his office without a sentence or two, pungent, incisive, penetrating, that could only have come from Gordon himself. I know this to be a fact, because my firm was engaged to straighten out an unfortunate situation wherein a Mr. Salvatore, who had ordered several carloads of isinglass from Gordon's company, relied so wholly and so erroneously on his own insufficient knowledge of English, upon receiving Gordon's gracefully grateful acceptance of the order, as to come to the conclusion he would have to look elsewhere for his isinglass, which he immediately did, with the result that he refused to pay for Gordon's isinglass when it arrived. The matter was straightened out, of course, but Gordon, for a long time, confined himself, as he bitterly told me one night at dinner, to dictating, with his eyes shut, letters of the "yours of the tenth ultimo received and contents noted and in reply to same would state" school.

The first "Lean Years" contribution is almost certainly Gordon's. I say "certainly," because I found it in his

files, but I have been forced also to say "almost," because it purports to be the work of a Hubert L. Northrupp. It was less than a page in length and I reproduce it verbatim:

Mr. Tiffle Meets A Lady"

By *Hubert J. Northrupp*

It must be admitted, in all fairness, that there was no way in the world for Mr. Phineas Tiffle to know that today was going to be any different from any other day. Exactly as he had done, excepting Sundays and the two weeks in 1919 when he had the flu, for the nearly twenty-seven years of their married life, Mr. Tiffle, careful not to disturb Mrs. Tiffle, had gotten out of bed, showered and returned to their bedroom, to find Mrs. Tiffle's bed unoccupied. Exactly as on every other day, too, Mr. Tiffle had smiled gently, because the unmistakable odor of fresh coffee being brewed was in the air, which meant that Mrs. Tiffle had been on to his little game and was fixing his breakfast.

Before long, the warning whistle of the 8:14, approaching Froggin's Creek, had warned him, exactly as on every other day, that it was time to be leaving and, still exactly as on every other day, he had gulped the rest of his coffee, kissed Mrs. Tiffle a hasty and affectionate good bye and—

So much there is and no more, save that at the foot of the page is a handwritten note: "Too many 'as on every other days'? Better rewrite?"

I am positive this is Gordon's own work. For one thing, about this same time, he had offered—they both, I'm afraid, had had a little too much to drink—to bet George Winthrop, a former Williams All-American half-back, who was then a junior partner in something or other on Wall Street, that anybody could, by locking himself up in a room for five hours, write a short story that *The Saturday Evening Post* would instantly buy. I explain the "Hubert J. Northrupp" to myself a little less satisfactorily, but still satisfactorily. At Harvard for a semester, Gordon's next-door neighbor had been a Herbert L. Southerdon, who had made Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year and had proceeded to China to be a missionary, immediately after graduation. Gordon had never liked him.

It was Mrs. Tomlinson, with her awareness that a great talent had been sacrificed on the altar of isinglass, who suggested this portion of Gordon's product be called "The Lean Years." I made a slight protest at the time, and then yielded, but I feel warranted in letting it be known here I do not agree that they were "lean" years, certainly not relatively. I truly think the one remaining item in this period, which I am reprinting almost in its entirety, is by far his most outstanding written achievement, if writing is to be regarded as the field of the mind, the spirit, and the seeing eye, put down in words.

Attached to the item in question is a note that it was rejected by *The Nation, The New Yorker, The Saturday Review, The Morning Telegraph,* and the *Detroit Athletic Club News.* I confess I do not understand what the responsible editors in charge—temporarily, beyond all doubt—of these publications could have been thinking of. (There is, further attached, a copy of a letter Gordon wrote to the editor of the *Isinglass Citizen-Herald,* stating he had thought it over and had decided he would, after all, have to reject the editor's kind offer to print his contribution, which must have been sent to the *Isinglass Citizen-Herald* as a lark by some of his friends, because he truly didn't remember having sent it. At all events, he knew the editor of the *Isinglass Citizen-Herald* would understand and he was looking forward eagerly to his luncheon engagement with E. P. Collins, the *Isinglass Citizen-Herald's* Eastern Advertising Public Relations Consultant, at 21 West 52nd Street, one o'clock, on the 24th inst.)

The item:

THE TOMLINSON LAW OF NOMENCLATURE

It is not my discovery, it is an accepted fact, that there is such a thing as normal behavior, among people of a given class, and such a thing as abnormal behavior. The abnormal may have its roots in calculated decision or in the subconscious, but wherever these roots may be, it is obviously important that normal people be tipped off, so to speak, as to how they can recognize the abnormal. They can then pity or avoid, as they choose. At least, they will have the facts at their disposal.

The normal—by which I mean the standard, the accepted, the traditional, all of them together the decent—in regard to how a man identifies himself by name, his signature, to wit, which is the subject of this inquiry, is for him to use his first and last names, or his first name, his middle initial and his last name, or the initial of his first name, the initial of his second name and then his last name.

Well, then, and I except only the

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victims of court orders and unbreakable last wills and testaments:

Anyone habitually signing only his last name is a dangerous maniac who will either set the world in flames or try to. On the occasion of his first offense of any kind, he is to be treated as a fourth offender.

Anyone habitually signing his first, middle, and last names in full is to be regarded, though without prejudice, as being under a cloud. That is, at least in Anglo-Saxon countries, he can definitely not be regarded as guilty, until proven guilty, but it is a fair and warranted procedure of self defense for society to ask that, within a reasonable time, he prove himself innocent.

Anyone habitually signing three first names and his family name is to be kept under the constant surveillance of the FBI. Anyone, of this breed, who signs his first name in full, then the initials of the second and third, and then the surname, is to be required to report to the police once a month, is not to be allowed to buy or carry fire-arms, and is to be forbidden the use of intoxicating liquors.

Anyone using the initial of his first name, following it with a full second or third name, plus a surname, is to be required to undergo a sanity examination every sixty days. He is, in addition, to be prevented by law from residing within less than fifty miles of old folks' homes or match factories. Anyone of this category, whose first name begins with an "I" and who remains flagrant in his perversion of liberty into license, is at once to be tried, before fixed juries.

The death penalty is not mandatory and can be changed to life imprisonment in the case of anyone who refers to himself, using his surname, in the third person singular. The death penalty is to be mandatory if he, even once, puts the definite article in front of his name and continues on, in the third person singular. The death penalty, *after* torture, is to be mandatory if he speaks of himself in the third person singular, using his surname, in the *diminutive*.

Society has been slipshod and indifferent about its menaces long enough! Society has only itself to blame from now on, if it neglects the obvious precautionary and punitive measures the Tomlinson Law of Nomenclature clearly calls for.

This is the only one of Gordon's literary relics I have taken the presumption to edit. The fact is that he gave several examples, naming names, of each of the types he was discussing.

The Sage of Mon Repos

The entire material put at my disposal for this period, from his fiftieth birthday until the very end, is one sheet of paper, in his own handwriting:

"POSSIBLE TITLES FOR AUTOBIOGRAPHY,
"SIGNIFYING NOTHING,
"NEVER AGAIN,
"MAN AND BOY,
"BOY AND MAN,
"LIFE BEGINS AT FIFTY-SIX,
"IT'S NOT BEEN SO TERRIBLE,
"ABRACADABRA."

A Slice of Americana

BARINGTON. By Edward Tatum Wallace. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

EVER since "Middletown" (A Study in American Culture) was written by Robert and Helen Lynd, efforts have been made to emulate the pattern of presenting the sociological, the economic, and the political chiaroscuro of a community through vignettes or case studies, rather than through the medium of statistics. But the canvasses by other writers have not always been as revealing or as descriptive of the full sweep of life in a small town. Certainly that of Sergeant Edward Wallace in this book is not.

The story centers about some of the twelve hundred people who lived in the town of the author's birth in the Midwest, which he names Barington. In the seventy-four chapters, he furnishes us with what is virtually a gallery of pictures of the storekeeper and the teacher, the ruminating old-timers and the freer, younger generation, the natives and the foreigners, the travelers and the nearby farmers, from the days of the horse and buggy to the early period of the automobile. But the canvasses which the author paints turn out to be no more than a palette with daubs of color and shape, here and there, instead of a unified composition. He makes an effort to treat each of the local incidents or reactions as part of a mosaic, by centering them about the storekeeper and his son, but the effort is labored and the result is a series of unrelated episodes of uneven value and importance.

Edward Wallace "possesses a winning style because of his dry humor and sense of restraint."

Sgt. Wallace possesses a winning style because of his dry humor and sense of restraint. It runs along in easy, provincial manner until suddenly the reader is pulled up short with a remark like, ". . . the Methodist stewards had gathered at the store to determine whether or not to accept the insult with saintly forbearance, or whether Christianity would be served better if they marched out in a body and thrashed the living hell out of the Baptists."

The book is small town stuff in content and treatment. The successive sketches and incidents tend to become tiring, only occasionally being relieved by diverting situations. The book suffers from its kaleidoscopic treatment and its obvious lack of continuity. With more careful editing and assembling, its material could have been made much more interesting. For these informal studies and annals of town life are part of our Americana; they help us to grasp the incisive development of institutions in this country. Sgt. Wallace's book contains sketches instancing how business pullulated from the isolation of the small town specialty store to the challenge of larger business enterprise; it has genial descriptions of the buzz of excitement surrounding the selling of red-rimmed, blue-spoked buggies and later reference to credit difficulties; there are anecdotes of buying and selling, of credit and debit, of traveling salesmen and dissemblers. These would have constituted an interesting unit-study had they been better assembled.

It contains also experiences in immorality that would have constituted good, integrated material on the sociology of small town life, had they been more effectively brought together. But these tales of impaired morals of girls, who go a-buggying in the dusk, lose their import and significance and become mere anecdotal references, when they are sandwiched in among stories of the business world and church and classroom goings-on—even though their trend is suddenly recaptured in the person of the girl whose dishonor causes her to jump into the lake. The book lacks a centered, unified picture. It provides no sustained interest in the story of life in a small Western town; the experiences and observations are too scattered and unimportant to leave the reader with any orderly impression. What it contains is interesting material; what it lacks is organization.

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Strictly Personal

O BEAUTIFUL MR. AUTHOR!

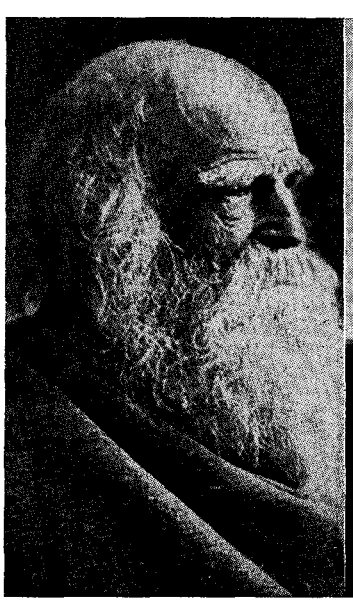
YOU can't read the literary Sunday supplements or *The Saturday Review of Literature* these days without realizing that the men authors are having it all their own way in getting their pictures in the advertisements of their books. Doubleday, Doran has whittled down that fine big elegant photograph of Edna Ferber to less than snapshot size and even the luscious bangs of Forever Winsor have gone into eclipse. But the men authors are all over the place! And looking so complex and so interesting! It must be a Trend or an Influence or a Fashion and not a mere happen-so.

Personally I suspect a Hollywood subconscious. Here is Mr. Beardsley Ruml as a bland sort of Edwin Arnold tycoon in the advertisement of "Tomorrow's Business"; and R. C. Hutchinson an elongated George Brent or a Grover Whalen—what, Grover Whalen isn't Hollywood? Don't be silly, he's *super* Hollywood! And there's Morris Ernst with all the pixie appeal of Peter Lorre when he's being a good boy outside but very intricate and clever inside; and Marshall Field for all the world another William Powell, richer, of course, but with that same marvellous man-of-the-world weariness in his eyes! And Dr. Cronin who would be every wisp as woolly as Monte Woolley if he would only put on trimmings; and Sir William Beveridge could pass himself off for Mischa Auer reduced to pocket size and aged in the wood. I can't understand why Louis Bromfield's picture was left out of the ads of "Pleasant Valley" and only a little drawing of a house set in. Maybe Louis was too busy ploughing a contour to get his own contours photographed.

IT'S really fascinating when you begin to study it. I have not, I assure you, been hired to press-agent these writing gentlemen onto the silver screen, but I must offer the helpful thought that if most of our movie celebrities decide to give up acting for authorship or some other racket reasonable facsimiles may be had by searching the book advertisements. Who wouldn't just as soon see and hear beautiful melliflous John Mason Brown as Brian Aherne! Frederic Prokosch has a good strong streak of Alan Ladd in his nature if his thespian pose is to be trusted. And if Bennett Cerf will take off the big glasses and practise up on that lilting boo-boo-badoo he might very well stand-in for Bing Crosby—and he wouldn't have to wear the Bing's toupee; by the way, have you any horses, Mr. Cerf? The famous Antoine has lately done a book and from his years of battling the fair sex he could surely out-swing Humphrey Bogart. Max Lerner would fall heir to the deep dramatic Muni roles according to that portrait that appears in the affiches of "Public Journal." Jesse Stuart with his service cap at a flip angle might be Errol Flynn in person, and Sergeant Walter Bernstein, for my movie money, is twice as cute as Sonny Tufts. And who, I ask you, is J. Frank Dobie if not the Lone Ranger—or his uncle—complete with ten gallon hat! Hi-yo, Silver—awaaaay to Oxford! Going on with this flight into fantasy, how about Santayana playing some of the Samuel Hinds grand old gentleman parts and let's cast Hemingway for Johnny Weissmuller sounding the mating call in the Tarzan jungles or have him replace William Bendix as one of those muscular tough guys with a bit of lead pipe wrapped in newspaper, one of the Hearst papers by choice.

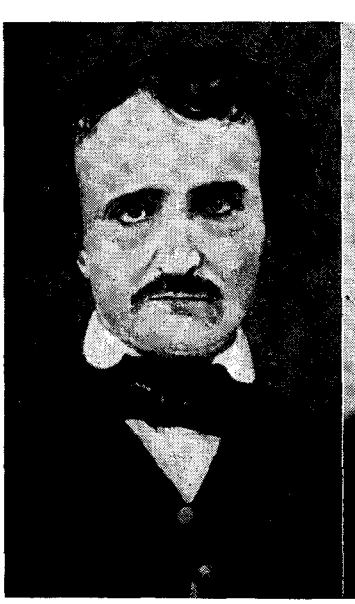
Somebody told me that Robert Nathan is now in Hollywood and that he is writing and adapting screen stories. If this is all he is doing he is just wasting his time and Hollywood is making THE mistake of its existence for Mr. Nathan by his appearance rates nothing less than big romantic parts and if he takes them I predict that Tyrone Power will be the Forgotten Man in less time than it takes to say "profile."

Right here we ought to do a spot of historical research on the way men authors used to look. Let's go back about fifty years and resurrect those sepia prints of A Yard of American Authors which were not exactly advertising but certainly might be called Desirable Publicity for they were widely bought and used as a combination wall ornament and cultural-influence. Reading from left to right: First, Longfellow with glorious full white beard; second, Lowell, also with beard not so glorious nor so white; third,



William Cullen Bryant

John Mason Brown



Edgar Allen Poe

Bennett Cerf

Is it true, as Miss Kerr claims, that authors are just as photogenic as they used to be?

It was not necessary to go outside *SRL's* family for evidence in favor of the moderns.

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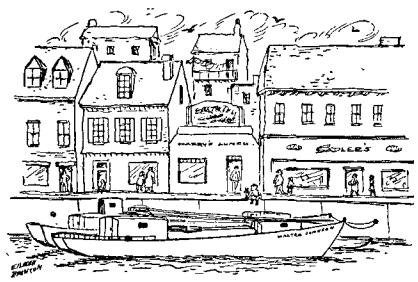
Whittier with thin foliage but a shaven upper lip, rather the minor prophet type; fourth, Emerson smooth-faced and penetrating; fifth, Poe with a dark moustache and longish locks—Poe would have been a natural for films; sixth, Bryant with a beard rivalling Longfellow's; and out on the end Alcott wearing an expression of such obdurate meekness that no one could possibly remember whether he had a beard or not. Taken by and large they are an impressively photogenic lot and it seems a pity they were born too early for the movies; they would have been terrific in a Brigham Young opus or "The Secret Loves of the Concord Sages," or in a snappy short of a poetic House of David baseball team. I nominate Emerson as transcendental umpire.

History rather lets us down for some time after this, leaving us without much male literary handsomeness to record, always excepting Richard Harding Davis who was definitely a gay-Nineties Ray Milland only much more so. And coming on down to contemporary figures there is Julian Street of whom an enthusiastic admirer once remarked: "When he opens those big brown eyes wide it's just like a window blind rolling up!" I hope Julian won't murder me for this.

But after all why drag in History? The real point is that almost every book advertisement today is ac-centu-



ating the masculine and e-liminating the feminine and there must be some valid reason for it because publishers are canny fellows who do not wantonly spend the money their authors earn for them in advertising ornament, be that ornament rococo, baroque, or Gothic. It must sell the books if the buyer knows what the writer's face looks like—but if you don't watch out, you publishers, your authors are going to land in Hollywood and forget their writing jobs. The movie stars have seen the signs and portents and in large numbers are edging over into radio. The poor fellows know that their twinkling is about ready for the dim-out and they must keep the swimming pools and the limousine tanks filled by one form of hard labor or another. Mickey Rooney still seems safe enough but he'd better look sharp. Any day some chap with Rooney features may write a best-seller!

SOPHIE KERR.

An Arraignment of Our State Asylums

THEY WALK IN DARKNESS. By Ellen C. Philtine. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1945. 388 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

NOVELS of protest against specific ills, from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to "The Jungle," have sometimes had a more potent effect upon the social fabric than non-fictional attacks could ever have obtained. Whether Mrs. Philtine's arraignment of our state asylums for the insane will rank with these classics remains to be seen. There are good reasons for supposing that she knows her facts and, if so, her document is damning. Granted that her emphasis is upon the worst rather than the best conditions, granted that certain of these may be exceptional and that during recent years vast improvements have been made in hospitalizing the mentally diseased, nevertheless there are counts in her indictment that shout for reform or rebuttal.

Her story, localized in a large institution within driving distance of New York, revolves about its administrators, doctors, nurses, attendants, social workers, occupational therapists, and a large variety of patients. The earlier parts of the book read almost like descriptions of German concentration camps. "Disturbed deteriorateds" are handled as if they were criminals; restraints are imposed upon them not for medical but for disciplinary reasons; they live in a nauseating atmosphere of filth, smells, and cockroaches. Men in charge of the asylum concern themselves chiefly with problems of administration and their own advancement. Ignorance and personal antipathies invade treatments and parole hearings. Shortages of personnel, drugs, and other essentials imperil research and prevent a humane consideration of individual patients.

Against this background of strife, inefficiency, and despair, the story of Peter and Elizabeth unfolds. Peter joins the Farland State Hospital after two years of unsuccessful private practice in New York. His wife, Elizabeth, had achieved some reputation as an artist before their marriage, and it was largely because of her eagerness to remain in New York that Peter had opened an office there instead of returning to Iowa where his father's established practice awaited him. When the experiment failed and debts mounted, he entered the service of the state, unsure and conscious of possible defeat.

These young people are naturally affected by the dreariness of their surroundings. The opening scene when they arrive at Farland, nearly lost in its mud and fog, has symbolic overtones. But their existence as a happily married couple is further troubled by the fact that they are two human beings of different backgrounds and conflicting interests. Elizabeth cannot pursue her art in a bleak life of drudgery among quarrelsome neighbors who intrude upon her privacy. Her abstract paintings, the liberal journals she reads, and her indifference to bridge set her apart from the community. But to Peter, insecure and thwarted in his work, torn between the various factions at Farland, yet trying hard to improve conditions there and do some creative experimentation, his wife seems neurotic and selfish. Her obsession with a need for independence and her unwillingness to bear a child both aggravate his sense of failure. When at times his home becomes unendurable, he turns for comfort and appreciation to another woman. Presently recriminations between husband and wife grow to cancerous proportions. In the end they appear to solve their difficulties, but it must be confessed that the solution appeals more to the heart than the head.

Some of the case histories in the book, as well as the matter of the double bed desired by the young couple and denied them, are treated at wearisome length; and one or two of the minor portraits verge on caricature. The author might have done well to postpone her exposé of the asylum until an interest in her chief protagonists had been more firmly established. Nevertheless, with her sincerity of purpose, her gift for creating real persons and situations, her skill in managing dialogue and in weaving the two divergent interests of the tale into an arresting pattern, she has produced a powerful novel, a novel indeed with the potentialities of dynamite.

Correction

In the editorial of *SRL's* July 21 issue we made an unfortuunate error in including *Current History* in a list of magazines "that have died during the last decade ago." In 1939, *Current History* changed its old format to that of a digest-size magazine. We are glad to say that the magazine, now published in Philadelphia, is in good health and can look forward to a successful future, and we apologize to Mr. D. G. Redmond, its editor, and to the publishers.

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U.S.A. as Viewed by the Good Neighbors

WHAT THE SOUTH AMERICANS THINK OF US. A Symposium, by Carleton Beals, Bryce Oliver, Herschel Brickell and Samuel Guy Inman. New York: Robert McBride & Co. 1945. 400 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HUBERT HERRING

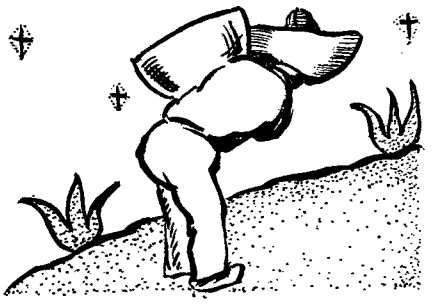
THE gentlemen raise an interesting question. What indeed do the South Americans think about us? The answer is also interesting. In effect, it is, I'm damned if I know what they think. The fault, if such there be, lies not in the answer but in the question. The proper retort to the question is, *Which* South Americans think *what* about *whom?* It is idle to ask what ninety million Peruvians, Argentines, Brazilians, and so on think of 135 million Californians, Republicans, Methodists and Prohibitionists who happen to live in our land of the free.

So, aside from the fact that the book is devoted to a meaningless question, it is really quite a nice book. The five gentlemen who had no idea how to answer the question had an excellent time talking over the various peoples of South America. Carleton Beals writes about the three great Indian lands of Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia; Bryce Oliver deals with Brazil and Uruguay. (Is that grouping a subtle anti-Argentine plot? Buenos Aires papers please copy.) Herschel Brickell writes about Venezuela and Colombia; Samuel Guy Inman tells about Argentina and Chile.

Carleton Beals deserves credit for emphasizing the obvious fact of our temperamental silliness over Latin America, of the fashion in which we alternately browbeat and adore, so that the recipients of our attentions can never be sure which way we will jump. Beals has the advantage of long knowledge of Latin America and his remarks on our feudal dealings with tin-producing Bolivia are useful. Nelson Rockefeller would have done well to hire him instead of some of the synthetic experts who still cling to the federal payroll.

Bryce Oliver tells us enough about Brazil to make it quite clear how inept has been our courting of that empire. But what we have lacked in finesse, we have abundantly made up in tonnage. When we decided that Something Must be Done About Brazil we sent in so many emissaries of goodwill that the old Embassy would not hold them; they slopped over neighboring office buildings; they rented all the loose apartments, and shot rents sky high; and when the sun went down, they took over all the better night clubs.

Herschel Brickell discusses in the most amiable fashion the lands in the North. His chapter on Venezuela and Colombia gives considerable insight



into that area and the people. One concludes that Colombians are inclined to play along with us—and I would add that one reason for Colombian friendliness is this man Brickell who did one of the best jobs of shirtsleeves diplomacy that appears on the official record.

Samuel Guy Inman deals with Chile and Argentina. He analyzes some of the political and economic factors which disturb relations with the United States. He knows his South Americans as well as any man in the United States, and his words always deserve careful reading.

One note I miss. Should it not also be said that South American criticism of the United States may be explained, at times, by South American good sense—and, at other times, by South American stupidity? One weakness of the present reign of good-neighborliness is that we hesitate to point out that South America, like North America, has its full quota of congenital idiots, boneheads, ignoramasus—and that it makes no slightest difference in the world what they think or say. Once that obvious truth is placed in the record, it is then possible to proceed. It then becomes interesting, if not important, what the barber in Sao Paulo thinks of Charlie Chaplin.

Latin America — Today and Tomorrow

LATIN AMERICA IN THE FUTURE WORLD. By George Soule, David Efron and Norman T. Ness. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1945. 372 *pp.* $3.50.

OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS. Prepared by the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 1945. 280 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

IN "Latin America in the Future World" three economists, under the direction of Dr. Alvin H. Hansen, set out to discover "not what is right but what is wrong." In their survey for the National Planning Association they offer "a frankly unbalanced picture just as a physician who examines a patient seeks carefully for the symptoms of illness." The result is one of the more important of current books on Latin America, a serious, authoritative study of a continent for the most part ill-clothed, ill-housed, ill-fed and just plain ill.

Latin America is generally undernourished (despite the economic policy which makes some governments destroy food surpluses). Housing is so bad that health and productivity are inhibited. Whereas life expectancy in the U. S. is sixty-two years, in Latin America it is forty-seven to thirty-two years. Why? Perhaps the major reason is the land. Argentina where 2,000 individuals and corporations own one-fifth of the land is typical. As the authors point out, this "feudo-colonial property structure . . . must give way to a more democratic pattern of land distribution if Latin America is going to adjust itself to the economic imperatives of modern times."

Too much land in the hands of too few has led to an economic anachronism. Because there are large private holdings of natural wealth—mineral as well as agricultural—the majority of the populations exist either in poverty or on its edge. And because of these private holdings full exploitation of resources has been prevented. The minority owners concentrate on the "extraction of a relatively few raw or processed products for shipment to markets in Europe or North America. In exchange, the owners have received from other continents the manufactured goods they desired, while the bulk of the population has been virtually excluded from the commercial economy, existing with a deficiency of food and other necessities of life."

To some extent the war has made inroads on this system. There has definitely been a jump in industrialization—although it has been accompanied by inflation. There have been some war-stimulated health and housing projects, but they have barely scratched the surface. There have been some beginnings in land reform and agricultural diversifications. They are healthy signs and it is in the growth of these symptoms, in the encouragement of these trends that Latin American hopes for economic maturity lie.

That the United States is involved

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in these hopes is obvious. In this war the U. S. obtained the greatest proportion of its strategic materials from Latin America. The lessons of dependence are plain for all who will look. In the growth of these countries there is room for U. S. capital and room for U. S. products. Colonial economies are a danger to modern industry—for the colonies fail to provide the markets for finished goods—and a policy of high wages and rising standards of living helps not only the Latin American nations but helps the United States.

"Our American Neighbors" is a collection of pamphlets by the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs which separately reached a circulation of several million copies. As a straightforward, non-controversial statement of the basic facts about twenty countries it constitutes an adequate primer and could well serve as a popular introduction to Latin America for those who had never given it a thought. The more indigestible statistics are admirably presented in the animated charts of the Pictograph Company and there are good maps—though no index.

Choosing Sides in China

CHINA'S CRISIS. By Lawrence K. Rosinger. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 259 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

THE arguments over China crash back and forth with all the fury of artillery barrages. On the one side the critics—like Edgar Snow and Brooks Atkinson—describe the Chungking regime as a reactionary, incompetent government and the Chinese Communists as a maligned democratic and progressive force. On the other the defenders—like J. B. Powell and Congressman Walter H. Judd—describe Chungking as near-democratic, bravely struggling, and far-sighted, with the Communists as a crafty, opportunist, totalitarian menace.

Mr. Rosinger, a young Research Associate of the Foreign Policy Association, takes his place with the critics of Chungking in "China's Crisis." In his view Chiang Kai-shek is an autocrat and the Kuomintang a dictatorship. In his views China's government must move immediately to the institution of democracy—opening a way to solution of the Communist split, to a better army, a progressive economy, and the elimination of possible United States-Soviet friction.

He has organized his book as a series of essays on Chinese politics, economics, foreign policy, and the conduct of the war. His sources are largely reports already printed in the United States plus some Chinese material, including a translation of Chiang's book "China's Destiny." For that reason few of his facts are new to anyone who follows newspaper and magazine comment on China. And nowhere does he quote the defenders of Chungking who have rushed to the barricades with a counter-barrage. Nevertheless, Mr. Rosinger does round up handily the many charges against Chungking, state them specifically, and suggest remedies.

Events in the Far East rush faster than book publishers. Mr. Rosinger did manage to catch the last shift in the Chungking cabinet which he considers a very slight modification in "the basic political question of Chinese unity with its attendant military implications." But since the publication of "China's Crisis" Premier T. V. Soong has made a significant visit to Moscow and the Japanese have begun to retreat from South China. Since publication it has become evident that the United States has thrown full weight in support of Chiang and there are promises that an improved Chinese army, trained and supplied by Americans, is nearing the day when it will see battle. Events imply that at least some of the current criticism of China may become academic.

Yet a good many of the objections to Chungking remain valid even in the light of latest events. Yenan's charge that Chungking troops have attacked Communist positions is not happy news. Chungking's refusal to permit two American correspondents to enter the country after publishing criticisms of the regime make sour reading. The ever-rocketing inflation, the long delay in retaking Kweilin are not optimistic notes.

Mr. Rosinger is off the mark when he writes, "What is at stake in all these problems is whether China's war effort shall continue and gather strength or disintegrate further as it is doing at present." It would seem that whether the political situation changes or not there is little danger of further disintegration. With the Stilwell Road and the air ferry over the hump bringing in increasing supplies, with an American landing in China a far from remote possibility, with the United States obviously winding up for a knockout punch against the home islands of the enemy, China's military position is assured. There may be danger that China will crack into civil war but there should be little doubt that Japan's days on the mainland are numbered.

Mr. Rosinger recommends that Chungking recognize the legal equality of all political groups in China, "incorporate them at once in a genuine coalition government and . . . institute democratic political, economic, and military reforms for the country at large." But if the Communists insist on keeping their own army can Chungking be blamed for refusing? Or for that matter can the Communists, in the face of Chiang's previous ruthless action against them, be blamed for insisting on retaining their armed forces? As the author remarks, relations between the Communists and the Central Government are a "complicated, often disheartening story."

Chiang himself remains a remote and unfathomable personality to the world at large. His supporters see him as a great man, his critics as a sinister reactionary. Mr. Rosinger's opinion, based largely on a study of Chiang's writings and the record of history, is not definitive but it is a fair statement of those who oppose his administration:

"All the evidence indicates that Chiang is in no sense a democrat in either his philosophy or political actions. By temperament and association, experience and conviction of self-interest, he is hostile to programs of reform and deeply intolerant of popular criticism. The whole bent of his thought and personality is in the direction of uniformity of opinion and obedience to a single authority. To him dissent probably seems an immoral thing—a gross breach of proper behavior as well as a political threat."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 593)

CLARE:

THE ETERNITY OF NATURE

Leaves from eternity are simple things
To the world's gaze. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The little brooks that hum a simple lay
In green unnoticed spots, from praise away,
Shall sing when poets in time's darkness hid
Shall lie like memory in a pyramid.

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SRL AWARD

THE editors are pleased to announce that *The Saturday Review* Award for Distinguished Service to American Literature has been given to the Council on Books in Wartime for its Armed Services Editions.

The Council on Books in Wartime is the coöperative agency set up by the book publishers to mobilize and coordinate their war-supporting activities. Chief among these activities is the Armed Services Editions, established in the spring of 1943 for the purpose of supplying our fighting forces with books. Since that time, more than 65,000,000 ASE books have been purchased by the Army and Navy for free distribution to American men and women in uniform. Each month adds 6,200,000 to the total. Since almost all copies are passed around or "swapped," with an average of four readers per copy, it is estimated that the total readings of ASE books are somewhere in the vicinity of 250,000,000—or twenty-five titles for every member of the armed forces. ASE has become the biggest book publishing operation in the world.

These figures, however, tell only part of the story. The biggest part of the story is to be found in the success of the books themselves. Ever since the first ASE shipment, grateful men and women in uniform have written to tell of the important need being met by those books. From the South Pacific came a letter describing the books as essential military equipment. "Dog-eared and mouldy and limp from the humidity," the letter read, "those books go up the line. Because they are what they are, because they can be packed in a hip-pocket or snuck into a soldier pack, men are reading where men have never read before.... I've seen GI's with them three days after the beach-head at Hollandia. The kids were hungry on Kruger's iron rations and they were up to their buttocks in that terribly disappointing Hollandia marsh mud, but they were there, guarding a captured Jap plane against souvenir hunters or in their sack in the beach camp or nooning out after K chow, reading a book."

A lieutenant in the air force stationed in India took time out to say: "You are doing something more than merely offering some temporary, fly-by-night asylum to the American soldier. You're doing something very big and very lasting. We marvel at the insight you show in your choice of books. Fellows are delving into some fine literature which they might never have done otherwise were it not for you. It has certainly put good literature on a democratic (small 'd') level that it has never enjoyed before."

Again, a corporal in New Guinea wrote that the books "were worth their weight in gold on those long waits we have here on the docks, many times arriving there before the boat is even docked. You find them in the pockets of the boys who operate the bull-dozers. You find them around the base warehouses. Being closely associated with the Army's new weapon, the landing boats, I have seen a small box with three or four in it fastened to the wall of the engine compartment so that they will be dry and easy to find. It is hoped that this letter has in some small way given you an idea of the great work you are doing for us."

These letters, and hundreds of others like them, describe the reasons for this award.

Viewed as a continuing operation, moving along regularly month after month, the job being done by ASE may not seem as impressive as it actually is. But in order to get some idea of the scope and effectiveness of the project, you have only to compare it with the method by which books had previously been obtained for the armed services. Before 1943, the books were collected through the Victory Book Campaign, carried on under the auspices of the American Red Cross, the American Library Association, and the United Service Organizations. Some ten million books were collected yearly in this fashion—an excellent record, but there were inevitable drawbacks. Since the campaign depended upon public contributions, there could be no overall planning for a balanced distribution of titles. Moreover, not all the books were in good enough condition to be sent out. The mortality of unusable titles was similarly high.

In taking the place of the Victory Book Campaign, the Armed Services Editions organized itself as a non-profit corporation arranging to sell books to the Army and Navy at cost, the royalty being fixed at one cent a copy to be divided between publisher and author. The important task of selecting titles for ASE was assigned to a specially appointed Advisory Committee consisting of publishers, librarians, booksellers, editors, and critics. Every possible category was to be represented in the selections, from adventure tales to Western stories, from biographies to sports stories, from classics to self-help books.

At the start, the Army and Navy called for thirty titles a month, with a print order of 50,000 copies for each title. Today, the order is for forty titles a month, with 155,000 copies for each title. ASE books are designed not only to be read but to be carried: they are pocket-size, bound in strong paper, with horizontal format, permitting the use of space-saving double columns. They are meant to be used under war conditions and are not intended for the permanent library shelf. As such, they have become part of the soldier's regular equipment all over the world.

In presenting its award to the Armed Services Editions, the editors are making a duplicate award to Philip Van Doren Stern, manager of ASE, who directed the project from its inception.

Song Before Sunset

By Ben Ray Redman

THE treads of the stairs rotted and broke
Under our feet: the brace of the yoke
Fell from our backs: we looked to the stars,
And no star spoke.

The tower went down in a crumbling slide,
Tall sea-marks drowned in a monstrous tide:
But we stood alone, as free men should,
With sword at side.

It snapped at the guard: the blade was old:
Both steel and tower were a story told,
Like the slipped yoke that had held us straight:
And we were cold.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Life with Father"

SIR: August 1st being the tenth anniversary of the publication of Clarence Day's "Life with Father," it seems an appropriate time to write a word or two about the new school in American humorous writing which has developed during this brief time. An increasing number of authors have in the last few years reported on paper the strenuous interplay of eccentricities endured by them in the process of growing up in a family. Those endowed with less colorful families have created fictional families rich in wit and lazy genius. In their most characteristic form the books are made up of disconnected anecdotes, often first published separately as magazine sketches.

Chapters of "Life with Father" had, of course, appeared earlier than August, 1935, in *The New Yorker, Harper's Magazine,* and *The New Republic.* They were copyrighted as early as 1920. Also, a collection of sketches illustrating the elder Day's religious views was published in 1932 under the title "God and My Father." Though saluted by *The Saturday Review of Literature* and *The Yale Review,* the novelty of this clear-eyed, affectionate, but gently mocking revelation of the soul of a pompous parent evidently horrified the *Boston Transcript,* whose reviewer wrote: "Just why Clarence Day has thus bared the being of his father one can hardly see." To my knowledge no representative of the Day school has yet been established in Boston, or the British Isles.

Six years' successful enterprise of the stage version has no doubt favored the growth of the Day school. One wonders if it may yet become overshadowed by a derivative Wacky Family School. On the whole we are offered much gayety and a generous amount of wit, a dash of wisdom and plenty of a kind of sentimental tolerance. During a period in which the family as an institution has frequently been subjected to the merciless probings of psychiatry, the gentler probings of the Day school have been generally reassuring in their portrayal of life in a family as being sometimes rapturous, occasionally dangerous, but never to be feared.

Families recently examined in the light of day include:

Bulosan, Carlos. The Laughter of My Father. Harcourt, Brace. 1944.
Damon, Bertha (Clark). Grandma Called It Carnal. Simon & Schuster. 1938.
Day, Clarence. God and My Father. Knopf. 1932.
Day, Clarence. Life with Father. Knopf. 1935.
Day, Clarence. Life with Mother. Knopf. 1937.
Espey, John Jenkins. Minor Heresies. Knopf. 1945.
Fontaine, Robert Louis. The Happy Time. Simon & Schuster. 1945.
Forbes, Kathryn. Mama's Bank Account. Harcourt, Brace. 1943.
McKenney, Ruth. My Sister Eileen. Harcourt, Brace. 1938.
Maxim, Hiram Percy. A Genius in the Family Harper. 1936.
Saroyan, William. My Name is Aram. Harcourt, Brace. 1940.
Sousa, John Philip, III. My Family, Right or Wrong. Doubleday, Doran. 1943.
Taylor, Rosemary. Chicken Every Sunday. McGraw-Hill. 1943.
Taylor, Rosemary. Ridin' the Rainbow. McGraw-Hill. 1944.
Williams, Rebecca (Yancey). The Vanishing Virginian. Dutton. 1940.
Young, Miriam (Burt). Mother Wore Tights. McGraw-Hill. 1944.

R. H. DANIELSON.

Providence, R. I.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH, A.D. 1100

"This business of taking from the rich and giving to the poor could easily become a political theory."

The Book, Please

SIR: May I have a few words in public with any of your reviewers that happen to be around the office? I am a constant reader of your publication —constant, but becoming slightly frustrated.

Reviewer, sir or madam, may I please have less you and more book? I hate to be rude, but I am not particularly interested in a rebuttal or modification of the viewpoint of the author whose book you are being paid to criticize. Just consider—why should your viewpoint carry any weight with me? Chances are that I have never heard of you (a fact not to my credit, certainly, but there it is), and even if I have, your opinion is valueless without explanation and without support. If you disagree with the author, naturally I should know about it, but don't elaborate. Just state your position and be done; I would much rather hear about the book itself.

Tell me the purpose of the author, the substance of what he has to say, how he says it, and whether or not is is worth saying. Then strain the book —point out good characteristics, bad characteristics, outstanding sections. If you think I ought to know something about the author, throw in some pertinent data from that direction.

No second-guessing, however; say what the author did and how he did it, not what he should have done and why he should have done it that way. Your little asides are all very well, *but* . . .

The book, if you please.

GEORGE AUSTIN.

Birmingham, Mich.

Information, Please

SIR: While in the Army, I have furthered my interest in intercultural relations by working on a survey of attitudes of American servicemen toward minorities. I have acquired several hundred samplings of attitudes and prejudices.

Friends have urged me to organize the material into a book. To do this would require much more than my 300-odd interviews. I should therefore appreciate letters from servicemen, especially overseas men and women, commenting on the likable and/or unpleasant things they have discovered about peoples of other nationalities and cultures. And especially their attitudes towards fellow GI's of various racial or national extractions. In other words, in the opinion of the average GI, what makes an Italian, German, Jew, Russian, Englishman, Hindu, Mexican, Negro, etc. good or bad?

Thank you for your aid.

CPL. HENRY A. SINGER.

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TRADE Winds

JUST BEFORE the Potsdam Conference opened, *The New York Daily News* ran a picture of President Truman and Winston Churchill gazing wistfully into space. A clever caption-writer labeled it "Waiting for Lefty."

That reminded me of the story of how Clifford Odets's thrilling little drama almost played the vast Roxy Theatre in 1935. Here's why it didn't. Howard Cullman, director of the film house at the time, approached Producer Cheryl Crawford and said, "Wouldn't you and Odets get a kick out of doing 'Lefty' before audiences of thousands of people? I can't offer you much of a guarantee, but if you're willing to take a chance with me, I'll pay a substantial percentage of everything we draw above the general average of the past twenty weeks." Miss Crawford was intrigued, but turned down the proposition the following day. The various stage unions, she explained, wouldn't stand for a legitimate play being run four or five times a day. When Ethel Barrymore did "The Twelve Pound Look" at a rival movie palace some weeks later, Cullman suspected that there was something fishy in Miss Crawford's explanation, but he didn't have a chance to investigate until they met last year at the first reading of "One Touch of Venus."

"What was the real reason for that turn-down on 'Lefty'?" he asked. "It was the picture you had scheduled to run with it," confessed Miss Crawford. "None of us had ever heard of the stars or the director, and we figured that such a weak sister couldn't possibly attract big crowds." "That's what I thought too," laughed Cullman. "That was precisely the reason I wanted to bolster the program with 'Waiting for Lefty'."

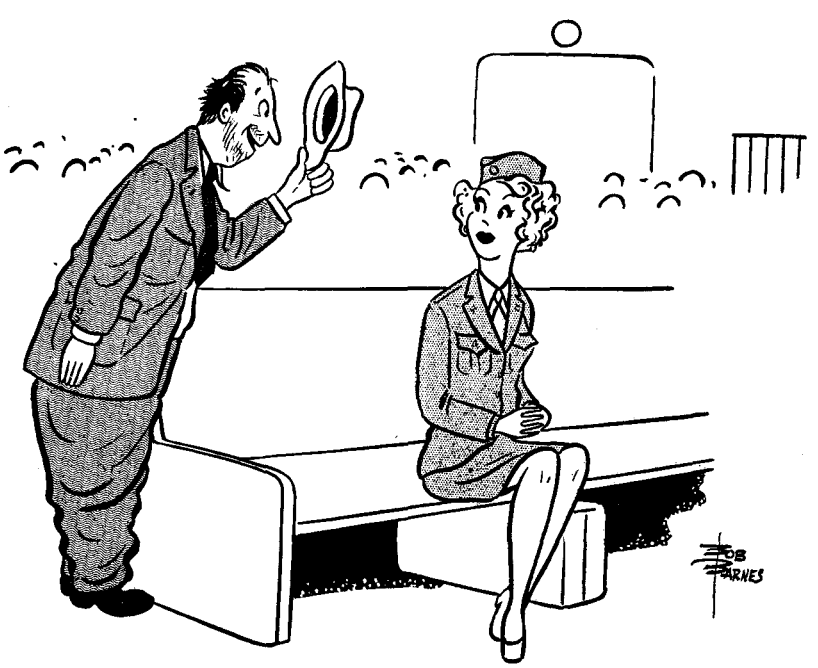
In case you'd like to know the name of the picture, it was "The Thirty-Nine Steps." The stars were Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. The director was Alfred Hitchcock. . . .

TWO COLORFUL figures have disappeared from the literary scene. In Chicago, Bill Kittredge, well-loved director of design and typography at the Lakeside Press for two decades, died at the age of fifty-four. In California, on the same day, Charles G. Norris, husband of Kathleen, and author of a half-dozen best-sellers of his own, passed away. Norris's last years were haunted by a dread that the Communists were going to get him. In 1938, when he was writing "Bricks Without Straw," his outline called for a letter by one of his more disreputable characters, summing up the Leftist viewpoint. Despairing of producing such a letter himself, he offered a niece whose politics he considered reprehensible a hundred dollars to do the job for him. She wrote the letter, and promptly endorsed his check over to the Communist Party. Members of the Union League Club are still talking about Norris's explosion when he heard about it. . . .

BEFORE SHE enlisted in the Red Cross, Shirley Cunningham, of the production department of Pocket Books, turned in to Bob De Graff the manuscript of "The Pocket Entertainer." It has just crossed the million mark, so when Shirley leaves Germany, she will have something to come home to: a silver wallaby. . . . Dodd, Mead's eleventh Red Badge mystery award goes to Elinor Chamberlain for her "Appointment in Manila." . . . Doubleday's party for Gertrude Lawrence at the Stork Club ended in a blaze of excitement when the club's payroll of several thousand dollars disappeared. Walter Winchell said he wouldn't dream of accusing any of the literary guests of the robbery, but recalled Moran and Mack's old line, "I don't say you stole the money, but I might have found it if you hadn't helped me look for it." . . .

ROOTS:—When Elliot Paul was working on a Boston newspaper in 1917, he excitedly proclaimed that he had figured out a brand new angle for a murder mystery. The victim was to be stabbed to death with an icicle; of course, when the police arrived, there would be no trace of a weapon. The editor quenched his ardor by citing two previously published stories in which exactly the same device had been employed. For weeks thereafter his mates on the city desk hummed "With an Icicle Built for Two" every time he entered the office. Paul quit, and enlisted as a private in the Signal Corps. . . . When Howard Dietz was elected vice-president of MGM, he cancelled the order to send out a publicity note. Asked why, he explained modestly, "Everybody thinks I'm president." . . . In 1924, Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote a preface for a book of "Distressing Dialogues" by Nancy Boyd. Delos Avery is authority for the statement that she completed the job in Tokyo on May 6 of that year. She spoke very highly of the book. Some time later she admitted that "Nancy Boyd" was Edna St. Vincent Millay. . . . One of William Faulkner's harmless idiosyncracies involves removing his shoes on every possible occasion. The first time he visited New York, he took them off on a crowded subway express, couldn't find either of them when he arrived at his destination. Bill raised such a holler that they held the train until he crawled the length of the car on his hands and knees, and located the missing number nines at the other end. . . .

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday by approving the scenario for a motion picture version of "Caesar and Cleopatra" and finishing a new postscript, called "After Twenty-Five Years," for the forthcoming World's Classics edition of "Back to Methuselah." "I also spent some



"Pardon me . . . would you care for a nice home-cooked dinner?"

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"Pssst . . . thou!"

time on the preface for a new set of all my works that will be published when paper is available again," he declared, "but not more than two hours at most. After all, a man is entitled to a little relaxation on his eighty-ninth birthday.". . . Gerald Kersh, author of "Sergeant Nelson of the Guards," is in America on what he describes as "Official business. Top stuff, old boy, Can't tell you, y'know." He startled a reporter from the *Telegram* by describing his lurid past in England as a wrestler and bouncer in a night-club, and bending several quarters and dimes in half with his teeth. . . . A rapturous scout who has scanned a working script of the new S. J. Perelman-Al Herschfeld-Oggie Nash musical, "Forty Five Plus," reports that it includes one character named "Sdrawkcab," who boasts, "I'm the only man in the world whose name spelled backwards is 'Backwards'." . . .

JUDGING BY A LETTER just received, Charlie Jackson, author of "The Lost Weekend," is proceeding under the agreeable delusion that Red Lewis's new novel, "Cass Timberlane," is named "Cass Canfield." . . . Lewis, by the way, has decided to discontinue his book review columns in *Esquire*. They took too much time. . . . Out of a clear blue sky, a radio big-shot popped down in Pete Howe's Pocket Books office and announced, "We want to start a new series on the air called 'Here's Howe.' Will you give us a clearance on the name for fifty bucks?" "Mister," said Pete earnestly, "for fifty bucks I'd chop up my grandmother." The check was delivered, the program launched, and the rich, as usual, got richer. . . . Prediction: one of the sensations of the fall season will be a novel called "The Wakeful Stars," by Cpl. Peter Bowman of *Air Force Magazine*. It's the story of a single hour in the life of a soldier in a Pacific amphibious landing. . . .

ON THE FOURTH DAY of the newspaper strike in New York, Westbrook Pegler begged his friends to pick up all the daily papers for him. "I can't get along without them," he admitted. A short time later, a boy arrived at his home with a hundred copies of the Communist sheet, *The Daily Worker*, with the compliments of H. Ross. . . . The Writers' War Board, deprived of its official status by the slash in O. W. I. funds, will carry on as a private agency. . . . John Mason Brown's weekly book broadcasts over CBS will be sponsored by *Omnibook Magazine*, come September. . . . Archie Ogden, who has done a rattling good job as executive director of the Council on Books in Wartime for the past two years, has been named the new London story editor for Twentieth Century-Fox. The eye-filling Irene Rakosky is in line for his old post with the Council. . . .

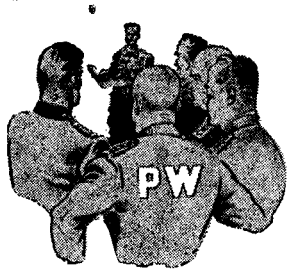
THERE'S PROBABLY not a word of truth in it, but rumor has it that General Patton finally caught up with a copy of "A Bell for Adano." When he finished it, he scaled it across the room and remarked, "I don't know who the blankety blank general is supposed to be who shot that blankety blank mule; all I know is that he was blankety blank right!"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

Casting back, I find that the books of which this column made mention have been sufficiently varied as to represent pieces in the jig-saw puzzle of our time. The books themselves show that American are doing a lot of reading on a lot of subjects these days.

Americans are pondering over the chilly psychology of ERNST LOTHAR'S



The Prisoner in the dusk of summer evenings when the mind gets to probing the twisted problem of racial fanaticism. Americans are discussing in the heat of lunch this racial problem as it applies to our own country. "You wouldn't believe what I read in this book, **They Seek a City.** Do you know that Chicago was founded by a Negro?" and so on.

Americans, some of them, are science bugs, and they want to know about penicillin and the electron and such miracles. Waiting in line at a box office I heard two of them discussing RATCLIFF'S **Science Year Book.**

A friend of mine, who reads everything good in non-fiction he can lay his hands on, said soberly and with thousands of books behind him that he thought ALEXANDER GRANACH'S description of his childhood in **There Goes an Actor** was the kind of exceptional writing that makes you take the breath which is beyond sentiment.

And so it goes. From the chocolate-malted-fed girl who waits for the "A" train in the sinister cloisters of the subway and looks vulturingly into **77 Willow Road** to the man who scowls

from his beach-chair because **Better Lawns** has warned him about his crabgrass, all kinds of people are reading all kinds of books, and it's a healthy sign.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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BY THE WAY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Mason Brown is on vacation. This is the fourth of a series of six guest columns to be published while he is away. The author of Seeing Things this week is George S. Kaufman, noted playwright.*

NOEL COWARD, on his opening nights, togs himself out in white tie and tails and plants himself prominently in a stage box, where he joins happily in the applause and the laughter. Jerome Kern, in his pre-Hollywood days, used to sit fifth row on the aisle at his own openings, and enjoyed himself vastly. Herbert and Dorothy Fields, at the premieres of their musical shows, always sit second row on the aisle, and have a whale of a time.

But they are the great exceptions —most playwrights of my acquaintance run screaming from the theatre as soon as the curtain goes up, and bury themselves in a double feature somewhere on Forty-second Street. Me, I stay there and suffer, nor can all my advance resolutions stay me from those appointed rounds. As each opening night approaches I swear a solemn oath that I will spend the evening seeing a movie or playing bridge, but eight o'clock always finds me pacing the rear of the auditorium, cursing the audience for its failure to arrive half an hour ahead of time. At eight-eleven word is brought that Lucius Beebe has just ordered a second bottle of Chablis '27 at the Colony, and at eight-twenty a courier brings news that Jules Broulatour, or someone who looked like Jules Broulatour, has just been seen at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Sixth Street, going *north*. At eight-twenty-five it begins to rain. . . .

I spend the first act hiding behind the curtains at the rear of the boxes, peeping out occasionally at the audience. Kelcey Allen is laughing! But Kelcey Allen is a good soul, and has not given anything a bad notice since "Ben Hur." At the end of the first act I keep tryst with the producer at some isolated spot, and thereto, by arrangement, come emissaries with bulletins, all favorable. No matter how badly the play may be going, the bulletins are favorable. They're crazy about it. Everybody! Robert Coleman, who arrived at nine-twenty, told someone it was the best first act of the season.

And so it goes, right through the evening. Yet, be the play good or bad, it never goes well enough to please the author. It is an evening of acute agony, from beginning to end. Some day, perhaps, I will really summon up a little strength of character and not go near the theatre, and that will be the evening that the audience laughs its head off, unreservedly. So maybe I'd better not take a chance. I'll be there.

In the matter of reviews I have grown a little calmer. Time was when I always sat up for the morning papers. I would even sit up for *Time* and *Newsweek,* and once, I think, I sat up for Burns Mantle's "Year Book." But nowadays I go home and go to bed. You can be panned just as well in the morning.

* * *

IT is about time, I think, that someone laid at rest the myth of the Algonquin Round Table. The legend persists that here was a tight little group of critics, playwrights, and novelists, all intent upon praising each other to the skies and rigidly damning the work of any upstart outsider. Just recently I read intimations to this effect in the columns of John Mason Brown and George Jean Nathan, among others. Perhaps there is some mild excuse in the case of Mr. Brown, for he rose to fame in the post-Algonquin days, and inherited the legend. But Mr. Nathan is old enough to know better. Older.

The truth is, of course, that the Round Table was made up of a motley and nondescript group of people who wanted to eat lunch, and that's about all. They had no power at all over the literature of the day, and it seems to me that the least thought on the part of their accusers would convince them of that fact. How in God's name could they wield any such power? How could any group wield such power in the critical world as it is made up today, and as it was made up then?

The Round Table members ate at the Algonquin because Frank Case was good enough to hold a table for them, and because it was fun. The jokes, as I recall, were rather good, but completely unimportant. I cannot recall that a serious literary note was ever injected, and anyone who tried to inject one would have had a piece of lemon chiffon pie crammed down his throat.

Perhaps one anecdote will suffice to show the high literary quality of those luncheons. There was among us, in those days, one John Peter Toohey, who was and is a theatrical press agent, and a good one. I believe that John had read several books at that time, but I am sure he will agree with me that he was not a literary giant. John's main luncheon interest was in the food—and the prices. Mr. Case asked thirty-five cents for a slab of pie and about thirty cents for coffee, and John was Irish and a rebel, and he felt that this was too much.

So we hatched a little plan. With the connivance of Frank Case and his staff a whole new menu was printed, on which the prices of everything were just about tripled. It was arranged that on the following Monday this menu should be solemnly handed to the lunchers at the Round Table. All of the waiters, of course, were carefully rehearsed in these shenanigans, and it need hardly be added that we had a record attendance that day.

I was about the third to arrive, but John was already there. He gave me a rather tight little nod, and his eye followed me eagerly as I took my seat. Then he reached over and tapped my arm. "You've got a little surprise in store for you," he whispered. "Just wait!" He followed me closely as I picked up the menu. "Well?" he inquired, leaning back to enjoy my outburst. But I took it rather calmly. "Things are going up all over town," I told him. "I suppose Frank just found it necessary to raise prices." "Raise prices!" he snorted. "Just wait till Alex gets here! He'll have something to say!"

But Woollcott also took it calmly, and so did the succeeding lunchers, although John, almost bursting, followed each one intently as he picked up the card. We all ordered as usual, but John, in protest, ordered only tea and toast, which, as I recall, came to two dollars and forty cents. Then he took charge of the plan of procedure. Frank Case must be brought to his senses. On the following day we were to scatter over the city—each was to lunch at a different hotel and each must bring back a menu to show Frank the absurdity of his prices. Marc Connelly was to go to the Ritz, Benchley to the St. Regis, John himself to the Plaza, and so on.

On the following day, of course, John went to the Plaza—and the rest of us went to the Algonquin. John carried a Plaza menu back to Frank Case, and won his point—Frank broke down and admitted that his prices were too high.

And that, boys and girls, was the Algonquin Round Table. Just that and nothing more.

* * *

This is a story about books, in a way. About books and the law, and the fact that the latter is a good deal

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Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
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AIR COND.
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
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BROCK PEMBERTON presents—PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sh. fp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.
(AIR-CONDITIONED)

more profitable, at least on occasions. For where is the writer who receives $166.67 a word?

A few years ago Moss Hart and I faced a plagiarism suit on "The Man Who Came to Dinner." It seems that the plaintiff had written a play about Harold Ross and *The New Yorker*, and, as everyone knows, that is exactly what "The Man Who Came to Dinner" was about. So he sued us. In fact, he sued everyone in sight. Not only Moss and me, but the Estate of Sam H. Harris, Mr. Harris having been the producer; Warner Brothers, who had made a movie of it, and even Random House, which had published the play.

The trial lasted two or three days, during which counsel for all of the accused parties sat solemnly in the courtroom. Occasionally the man from Warner Brothers or the Harris Estate would put in a word, but in the main the proceedings were in the hands of Moss's lawyer and my own. The arguments raged back and forth, the lawyers objected and argued—only the lawyer from Random House sat in dignified silence.

Finally, on the third day, all buttal and rebuttal were over. Our lawyer rose and uttered the solemn words, "Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman rest." Up sprang the attorney for Sam H. Harris. "The Estate of Sam H. Harris rests," he intoned. Then the Warner Brothers man. "Warner Brothers rest," he pronounced.

And then up rose the lawyer for Random House. He adjusted his pince-nez, looked the judge squarely in the eye, and spoke up for the first time since the case began. "Random House rests," he said—and sent a bill to his clients for five hundred dollars.

As I said, the writer doesn't do as well as that.

* * *

One more book story and I'll get the hell out of here.

As I believe every playwright knows, one does not exactly get rich from the publication of plays in book form. Checks for three and four dollars fairly rain in every six months, and it is not unusual to receive no dollars and about fifty-six cents. But I think I reached a new low a few years ago.

True, it was a pretty old play, but the six-months statement was still something of a disappointment. It came, as I recall, from Scribner's, and it rans as follows:

Sold in the U.S.A.	None
Sold in Canada	None
Returned	Three

Of course what had happened was very clear. Some smart bird was printing that play and selling it back to Scribner's.

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

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Norah Loft tells "a story of human passion and conflict with deep insight and exquisite skill."

Passion and Conflict

JASSY. By Norah Lofts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 277 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is one of the most fascinating books I have read in a long time. It is done with consummate artistry, and though its setting is rural England of a hundred years ago it has that spellbinding quality of immediacy which takes the reader into that world and makes him feel that these were people whom he knew, whose lives he saw in all their tragic consequences for each other, interweaving, setting the pattern of inevitable disaster. It is not modern realism, in which the reader identifies himself and his own emotions with the characters, but the realism of romantic novels when the reader is transported and loses himself in the story.

"Jassy" is a Brontë-esque tale of passion and hopeless love and tragedy, of warped personalities and sinister influences, of prophetic divination, and of ill luck which pursues the unfortunate heroine like an embodied demon. Jassy (Jacinth, out of the Bible) Woodroffe was the daughter of an itinerant carpenter and preacher and of a gypsy mother. She was a strange, self-reliant, quiet little creature, and she had the disturbing faculty of making people see themselves and their motives plain. She was not pretty, nor kind, nor appealing, but she had something better than all of these. "She was, in fact," said her schoolmistress, "like a highly flavored dish which one is bound either to dote upon or to loathe. I was sure that wherever she found herself there would be, close at hand, someone who liked and someone who hated her."

Jassy's story is told by four people who knew her, and in their recountals we see not only Jassy herself but the tellers of her story, their characters, and personalities laid bare. There is Barney Hatton, whom Jassy loved but who never knew of that love; Barney, whose ancestral home, Mortiboys, had been lost by his father in a gambling debt. How Jassy sacrificed herself to restore Barney's fortune is told by the little lunatic girl, Lindy, given to visitations, from the prison cell where she and Jassy, implicated in a murder of which they are both innocent, wait for the hanging "which is nasty but doesn't last long." There is Mrs. Twysdale, Jassy's schoolmistress, whose ugly story of unnatural love for her business associate, Katherine Hamilton, and her insane jealousy of the innocent Jassy is a masterpiece of psychological horror. And there is Dilys Helmar, the neurotic, shallow, selfish nymphomaniac daughter of the man who won Mortiboys from Barney's father, Dilys with whom Barney falls in love and who betrays him and Jassy, her friend.

I wish I could convey the subtlety and delicacy of the way Miss Lofts lets these people reveal themselves by their own testimonies. It is one of the most difficult techniques of character presentation, in the first person, without benefit of the author's being able to say "this is what they were." We see what they were, by being privy to their mental processes. Without confusion these parts interlock and the plot mounts in suspense, with a dramatic intensity which grips the reader to the end.

Miss Lofts is a writer of great talent, and her latest novel is more than an exciting semi-historical romance. It is a story of human passion and conflict told with deep psychological insight and exquisite skill.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 112

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 112 *will be found in the next issue.*

YSLP XSKD BLLBX GP LGZCL,

XSKD BLLBX G RKEXMKP KA

ZLPMDB; CMAX DR XSV SLGH.

—TCGOL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 111

YOU MAY LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YET NOT HOLD HIS STIRRUP.

—FULLER—GNOMOLOGIA.

Miriam Colwell's novel of elemental folk is not "the usual idealization" nor is it written "for the squeamish."

Action in Maine

WIND OFF THE WATER. By Miriam Colwell. New York: Random House. 1945. 232 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THOSE expecting to find in this novel of Maine life the usual idealization of elemental folk will be surprised, if not shocked. The tang of the sea may be in the air, but most of the action takes place in the bitter cold and wet of winter when refueling stoves is a constant preoccupation. And although Miss Colwell's fishermen are simple and rugged with their existence paced by wind and water, some of them are as meagre-minded, coarse, and amoral as their counterparts in a city slum. Indeed the principal character, Vernie Stroud, both in speech and conduct, is ripe for banning in Boston. Because her life seems all drudgery and no romance, she wallows in self-pity, but she has no case at all and is utterly rotten, rind and core.

Before the end of the book we meet not only Vernie, her husband, son, and assorted lovers, but many other inhabitants of a small fishing town in Maine. We see them in their homes and on the sea, at the village store and at their other social gatherings, and they are all set before us with the meticulous detail of a Dutch genre painting. The story is chiefly concerned with three brothers and their families. Two of these groups lead a relatively placid and normal existence, but Vernie, who is married to the third brother, has a nymphomaniac's craving for men and good times that nearly wrecks the lives of her family.

The more virtuous and appealing characters in the novel, the cool, elu-

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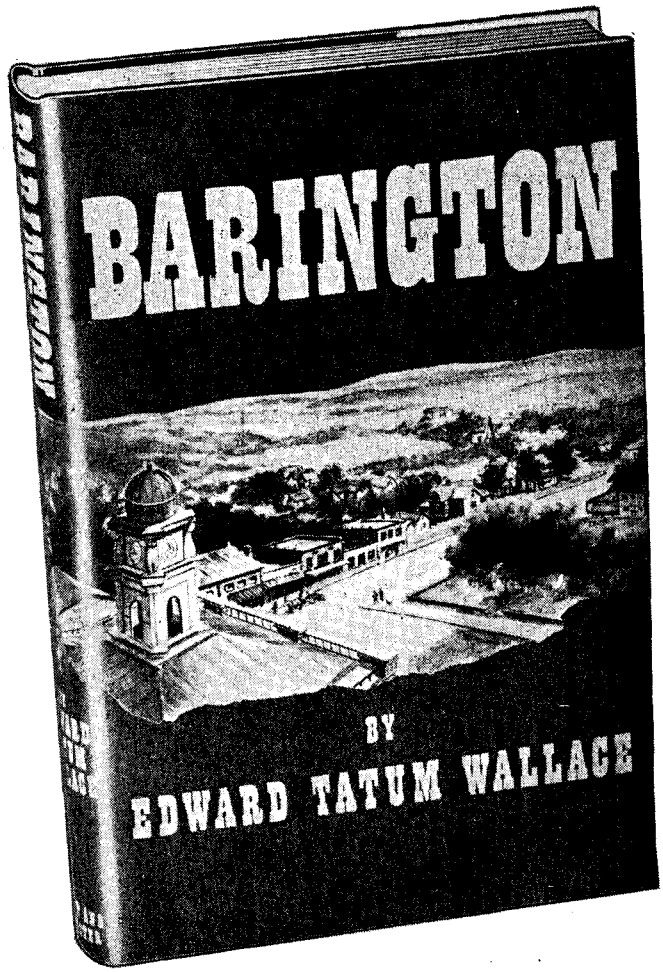

BART MACKENZIE COULD SELL YOU A COPY OF THIS BOOK JUST ON HIS SAY-SO. Bart MacKenzie could sell you a fine nickel-plated cook-stove or a buggy any time he felt like it. He was the proprietor of the Hardware Store in the mid-western town of Barington. And all the people in town came to him with their troubles and joys. Bart never made fun of people. But if folks really wanted to make fools of themselves, he was able and willing to help them do it. Meet Bart and revisit your own home town—in the pages of BARINGTON, by Edward Tatum Wallace.

A VENTURE PRESS BOOK PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER. $2.50

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sive Lima and the young Sar-Ann who feels herself different from the others and falls in love with a man they consider unsuitable, seem pale by comparison with Vernie. Moreover they, like most of the other people in the story, are essentially inarticulate. Although the author delicately and effectively suggests their feelings and perhaps accurately reproduces their speech, they themselves find few words with which to express their emotions. The same ungrammatical dialect, turgid with oaths, monotonous with "git" and "gut," serves the whole community and even a high-school pupil like Sar-Ann can say, "They ain't no harm in talkin' to him, is they?"

According to the jacket, the life of these people "is good to turn to in these times of chaos." *De gustibus* . . . If a life chiefly concerned with the weather, lobstering, physical functions, and petty local gossip is the best alternative available, chaos would seem to have its glamor. In any case this is not a novel for the squeamish. Those who like their Maine in terms of Mary Ellen Chase and Robert Tristram Coffin should leave it alone.

To the City and Back

SWING LOW. By Edwin A. Peeples. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1945. 293 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL FLOWERS

TAKE twin strands of poverty and prejudice, twist them as tight as they will go, and produce the sort of conditions Edwin A. Peeples describes in this readable story of a Negro boy's hegira to the city and back to his accustomed plow-handles on a Georgia farm.

The elements here are the old familiar ones: ignorance, fear, and the crime they breed.

Willie Mack, a farm hand, journeys to Atlanta to join his lady love, to whom he is lawfully married. Projected immediately into an environment where disregard for law is rampant, at first he resists; eventually he becomes involved in violence, bootlegging, lady whipping, and other diversions common to such an environment. After a series of episodes, most of them extra-legal, in which all the characters play standard roles, the hero returns to the Georgia farm, where, the author rhapsodizes:

> Willie Mack liked to chop cotton and plant corn and hoe potatoes. He liked the smell of a mule in the sun. He liked the dust of the field and the blackberries beside the road in the late summer when the air was sticky with everything getting ripe in the thickets and the grass beside the road was burnt brown.

With penetrating wisdom, the author causes Willie Mack's mother to disillusion him and give good advice in one breath, in the following exchange on the eve of his departure for the city:

> "Ain't it done got better for the nigguhs in the city these days?" he asked.
>
> "Naw, Willie Mack," she replied. "And it ain't never get no better till the white folks takes the time to see what us colored folks needs. Us needs the help of the law. And us needs learning. If you finds any white folks tries to learn you something you heed what they say."

And thereon hangs the burden of Edwin Peeples's story. It is a plea for equal justice and human decency. If the story possesses an obvious weakness, it is the implication that the country Negro's return to the farm after his tutelage in vice under urban cousins is any sort of solution. It isn't. For crime and unmorality flourish where ignorance and poverty and prejudice persist, city or country.

Unfortunately, Mr. Peeples has added nothing new to an old and sad chronicle. Every element is distressingly familiar, particularly the plight of a minority group in a society where the phrase "with liberty and justice for all" exists for recitation purposes only.

With all due respect to Mr. Peeples, who has written a moving story around this ancient theme, it still is unfortunate there exists in the book no hint of a remedy of any sort. Of diagnoses we have a plethora, of therapy none at all.

Edwin Peeples offers no remedy for "ignorance, fear, and the crime they breed."

Violent Pattern

THE OBSCURE ENEMY. By Robert Raynolds. New York: The Margent Press. 1945. 176 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. RAYNOLDS, whose "Brothers in the West" was a Harper Prize Novel, has since worked in several literary forms, the play and poetry as well as the novel. This short book is called a novel, but it seems rather to be an experimental fusion of the effects of all these forms. It is a noble experiment, if not a highly successful one, and it was justified by the thing Mr. Raynolds wanted to do. He wanted to give us an impressionist portrait of America at war, specifically of one of its industrial towns, not through its people so much as through the emotions that move them and seem to live outside them as separate entities. These emotions—love, hatred, courage, fear, hope, avarice—are greater forces than the people from whom they emanate; the passions walk the streets like living things, and speak nakedly and hollowly through the human mouths, as through Greek masks.

The obscure enemy is Violence. It rises up out of the clash of groups in factories, union strife, split ideologies—and out of the clash of individual men and women wrestling always with love and desire in the midst of the mob scene. There is a Promethean protagonist at the center of this, called Rebel, and a dark antagonist, Hacobiak. Also, two women and a child to fill complementary roles. The five move toward and against one another, speak prophetically in tortured strophes, appear actually to be moving in strong choreographic patterns. It would make a good ballet by Antony Tudor. The effect is strong, ominous, desperate, non-intellectual in its attempt to convey a mood by sound and intonation rather than explicit meaning.

Against this, the prose itself militates, turgid stuff like "Still the voluminous thrum of the city, generated by human passion, was fraught with encroaching peril," or "I have done my gleaning in the field of violence and brought home my heart-full of terrible grain; it is now my necessity out of this to make wholesome bread." The drama is good but the poetry is too often bad. I think a deliberate economy of line would have served Mr. Raynolds's high purpose more eloquently than this lush over-writing did. He was listening to sounds and voices and overtones, and, in so doing, let the writing, and the book, get away from him.

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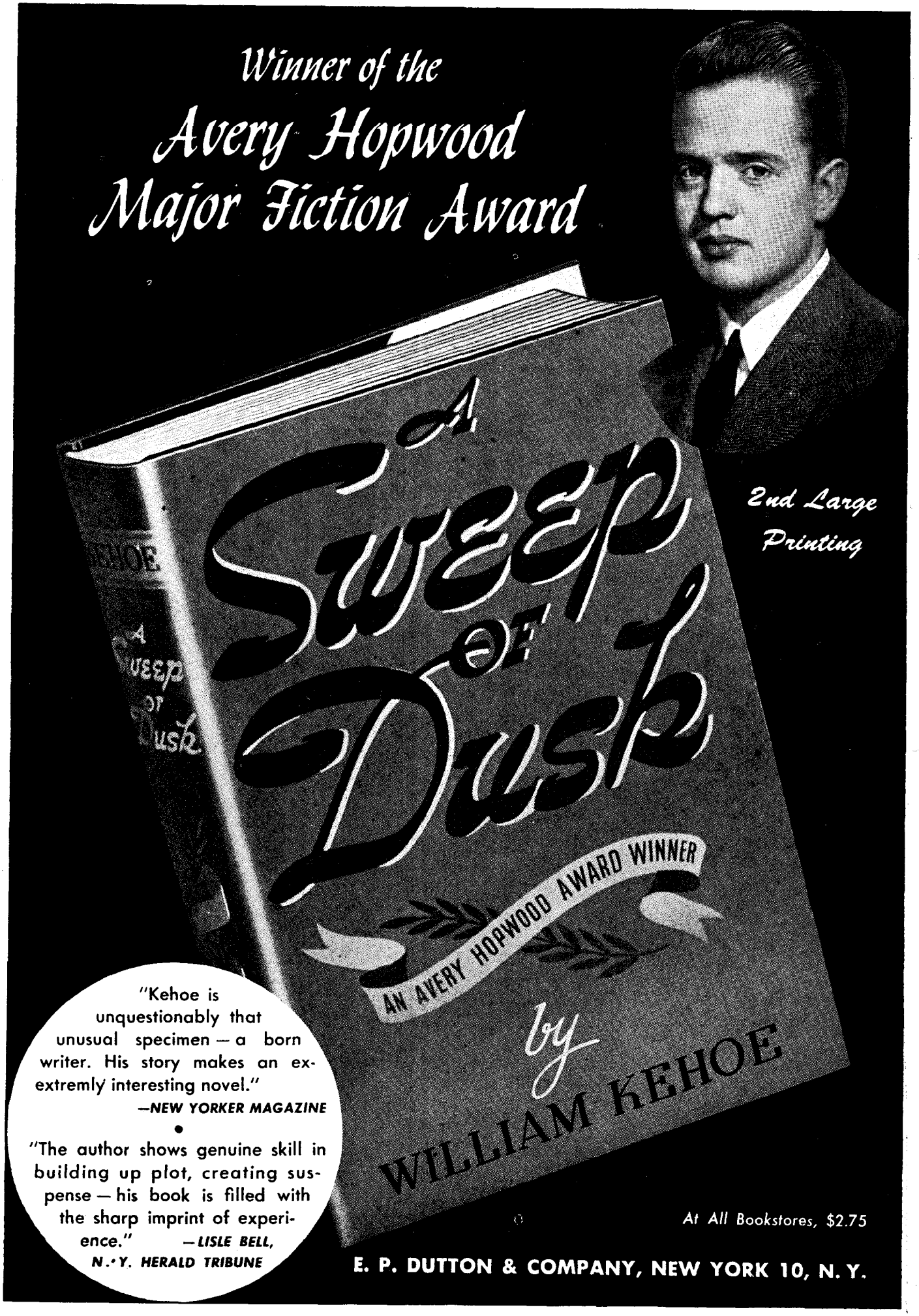

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GERMAN APOLOGISTS AND THE GERMAN RECORD

(*Continued from page 6*)

George Shuster and Mr. Arnold Bergstraesser; a book that becomes in its own right a massive half-truth because it emphasizes all the points in German history which unite it to the history of Europe and glibly passes over the elements that make Germany radically different: namely, a nation dominated by a military class that has efficiently organized its education and its institutions so as to permit no freedom except that which identifies the individual with the will of the state. Reading this short history, the reader would hardly find a clue to the final eruption of Nazism; he would be tempted to accept the incredibly naive conclusion of so many German exiles, namely, that Germany in 1933 was suddenly captured by a band of foreign gangsters, without the permission or assent of the German people. Such people even say—it is almost a refrain—"After all, you must not forget that the German people were the first victims of Nazism." (Never in history, certainly, was there the public record of a rape that was committed with so much visible pleasure on the face of the victim.)

The second illusion is that Germany was treated with flagrant injustice after the First World War; and that an honest attempt to deal generously with democratic Germany would have promptly made that nation happy, cooperative, and peaceful. The fact is that the formal harshness of the Treaty of Versailles was mitigated by the manner in which it was put into operation, just as even the food blockade, the occasion for Germany's most justifiable bitterness, was relieved in time not only with the aid of neutrals, but even by the action of groups in Britain and the United States. The Germans hated the Versailles "Diktat" not because it was unjust but because it sealed their defeat: they could not indeed appeal against it in terms of justice because their own political philosophy treated such matters as affairs of power, in which morality was non-operative except as window dressing.

In practice, allied investments in Germany not merely cancelled most of the burden of reparations but helped rebuild Germany's cities and industries on a scale that no other country rivalled: judged pragmatically, Germany was enjoying the largest benefits at the moment it was vehemently proclaiming its utter ruin. Even Stresemann, that underhanded liberal whose purpose was to re-arm Germany, told his countrymen that the war debts and taxes of the allied nations were far heavier than his own country's reparation payments. In 1930 the Allies evacuated the Rhineland of military forces five years before the scheduled time, a serious error by which Hitler profited. In 1932, the entire burden of reparations was lifted, at a time when the Germans had payed, over a period of fourteen years, two billion dollars *less* than Keynes, the bitter critic of the financial peace terms, had estimated they were capable of paying. But it was precisely at this moment when Germany's "slavery" was lifted that the national socialists were swept into power. Despite this fact, scholars like Werner Richter can say that "when, by 1933, the Democratic Government of Germany had still not delivered the people from the most essential provisions of the Versailles Treaty, . . . Hitler appeared. . . ."

As for German democracy itself, after Weimar, it existed in form but not in fact; for something more than a political constitution and a party system of government was necessary to make Germany a democracy: the change was one that needed to be installed at the very base of the system, in the schools and in the home. That change never took place; despite formal changes in the curriculum of the schools, it never registered. The old beliefs reigned unchallenged: one German girl I know, whose entire life had been lived under the Republic, in the midst of a "liberal" family, protested when I discussed the abolition of war, that she had been taught that it was impossible: "War was necessary for the biological health of a people." This absence of functional democracy, the absence of democracy as a way of life, as a social mode of expression, is what makes books like Paul Hagen's so pathetic. The democracy to which he so continually appeals exists only in his exile's imagination; it exists as a hope, not a memory. What the German calls democracy is something quite different: it means solidarity, unity with one's folk. On those terms it has always existed in authoritarian Germany; but its true political form is dictatorship.

The last great illusion about Germany is that which President Wilson fostered during the last war; it was one of the most critical mistakes that this great spirit made, and it was made because he knew very little about the country he was dealing with. This is the illusion that there is a good Germany and a bad Germany. The good Germany contains the majority of the German people; the bad Germany is the Germany of the ruling classes, particularly the Junkers and the militarists. The writers of these apologetics are now willing to widen the bad category to include all the active members of the Nazi party; otherwise they would perpetuate this illusion. This is not so much a rational political judgment as a formula for priestly absolution. If one believes in the existence of this good Germany, then all Germany's sins will quickly be forgiven. The exile's formula for this is: "Help us drive out the bad Germans, those wicked Nazi dogs; and then leave the rest to us." This plea sounds reasonable; and that is why so many of these books are dangerous; because the plea, and its justification, are founded on an error in historical judgment.

Fortunately, it is not Lord Vansittart who has punctured this falsehood: it is none other than Thomas Mann, in an address he recently gave in Washington. That address is far more important than the whole library of German apologies on which the present article is based. Apart from Friedrich

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THE PURPOSE of this contest is to discover literary talent from among the Armed Forces, including Merchant Navies and Women's Services, of the United Nations.

THE AWARD will be an outright sum of $6,000. In addition, the American and British publishers will pay usual book royalties and Columbia Pictures Corporation will pay a further sum of $2,000 outright as an option on the film rights of the winning entry. Within thirty days after the book is published, Columbia will exercise its option, if the book is accepted for filming, immediately paying a further $10,000 and an additional $4,000 if the book is also chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club or the Literary Guild of America. When the total number of books sold in the American and British editions exceeds 10,000, Columbia will pay a royalty, in addition to the publisher's book royalties, of twenty cents per copy. However, the author's total earnings from the motion picture will not exceed $60,000, exclusive of the prize money.

THE TIME— The contest will run for at least two periods. The first is now open and will close June 30, 1946; the second will open July 1, 1946, and close June 30, 1947. All entries postmarked not later than June 30, 1946, will be considered in the first contest. No extension of the closing dates will be made. However, if for any reason the contest fails to uncover an entry suitable for the award, the $6,000 will be divided into six United Services Book Fellowships of $1,000 each which will immediately be awarded to the authors submitting the most promising material whether accepted for use by any or all of the three companies.

ELIGIBLE PERSONS are those who have served in any branch of any Armed Forces of the United Nations, including Merchant Navies and Women's Services, at any time since September 1, 1939. The contest is open to all writers, published or unpublished. Employees of the sponsoring companies are ineligible to submit manuscripts.

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Förster's books, this is almost the only analysis of the German character that I know that is based upon something like an objective survey of German history and upon an honest introspection of the author's own mind itself. Mann's castigation of Germany is based upon the most courageous kind of self-analysis: as unsparing as Augustine's Confessions. Space must confine my quotations to one of his concluding passages:

> This story should convince us of one thing: that there are *not* two Germanys, a good one and a bad one, but only one, whose best turned into evil through devilish cunning. Wicked Germany is merely good Germany gone astray, good Germany in misfortune, in guilt, and ruin. For that reason it is quite impossible for one born there simply to renounce the wicked, guilty Germany and to declare: "I am the good, the noble, the just Germany in the white robe; I leave it to you to exterminate the wicked one."

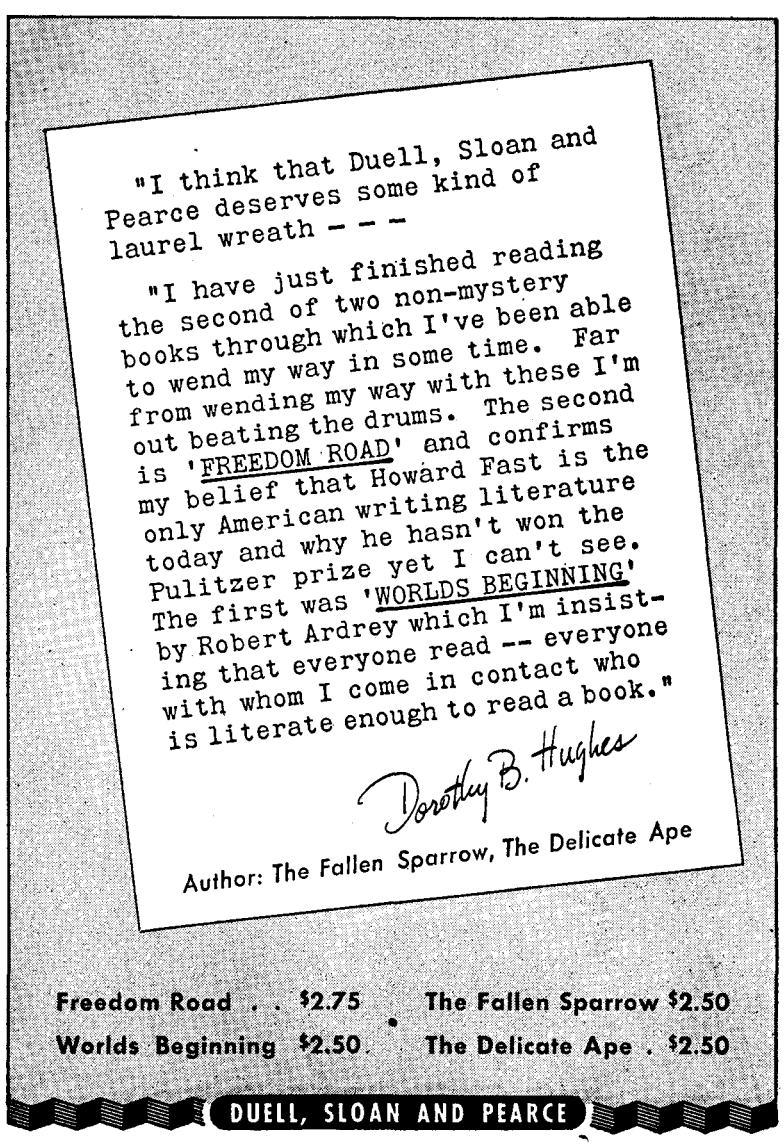
Yes, it should be impossible for a German to speak in this fashion; yet it is precisely in this manner that most of these apologists speak. Not merely have these exiles failed to reach

Thomas Mann's self-consciousness, or his humility; on the contrary, they unconsciously carry with them the very arrogance that the rest of the world finds so hard to bear in the German character, and they lay down the most specific conditions for Germany's coöperation in the future with the rest of the world. Indeed, the purer the motives of the exile—and I certainly do not suspect Paul Hagen's purity—the more specific are his conditions uttered in the name of democracy. Thus he settles the future of the Sudetenland on purely German terms, without the faintest perception that the wrongs committeed by the Sudetens and in their name have removed that area, as a matter of justice, from the sphere of "democratic self-determination," a process like asking the criminal to decide whether he would like to choose his jail or be paroled in his own house.

After what Germany has done to the world, one would think that these apologists would devote themselves with might and main to a rigid examination of their country's weaknesses, their country's faults: for who should have a more objective view of these things than these men who have been forced out of Germany, and who had the advantage, by contrast, of living in other lands? A handful of Germans, like Karl Mannheim and Thomas Mann, have really learned much from their exile: Mannheim's work, for example, has been profoundly touched by the first-hand experience with the genuine democratic processes in England. But most of these people have learned nothing about themselves and nothing about their country. They are as arrogant as Luther, as insulated as Fichte, as belligerently German as Bismarck. One has only to read these books by the "good Germans" to discover that they are not the vehicle of salvation but the very crux of the German problem.

Fortunately, an able and dispassionate political portrait of Germany is at hand: its title is "The German Record," (Farrar & Rinehart), and its author is a Professor of Political Science, named William Ebenstein, at the University of Wisconsin; a writer who has already published studies of Fascist Italy and the Nazi State. For all those who wish to have an adequate background for the understanding of contemporary Germany, I can recommend this book almost unreservedly. Professor Ebenstein includes the significant facts that the anti-Nazi apologists leave out of their books. More than this: he himself became conscious of the fact that "the only way to understand the Nazi Germans was to observe anti-Nazi Germans. Differences there are, to be sure, between them. But the key to an appreciation of the implicit and unstated premises of Nazism will be found less in Treitschke and Hitler than in the flood of anti-Nazi books published by Germans in the past five years in the United States and England."

Professor Ebenstein goes to the heart of the conditions that have made Germany a problem to the world. If the Army directives for the Schools of Military Government for Germany had been guided by Professor Ebenstein's facts and interpretations, President Roosevelt would not have been compelled, almost at the moment when AMG was going into action, to change those strange directives. This is a book that every responsible citizen, not least our political and military leaders, should read and reread. If we absorb its lessons, we will not be tempted to repeat the indulgent mistakes made at the end of the last war.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"I have just finished reading the second of two non-mystery books through which I've been able to wend my way in some time. Far from wending my way with these I'm out beating the drums. The second is 'FREEDOM ROAD' and confirms my belief that Howard Fast is the only American writing literature today and why he hasn't won the Pulitzer prize yet I can't see. The first was 'WORLDS BEGINNING' by Robert Ardrey which I'm insisting that everyone read -- everyone with whom I come in contact who is literate enough to read a book."
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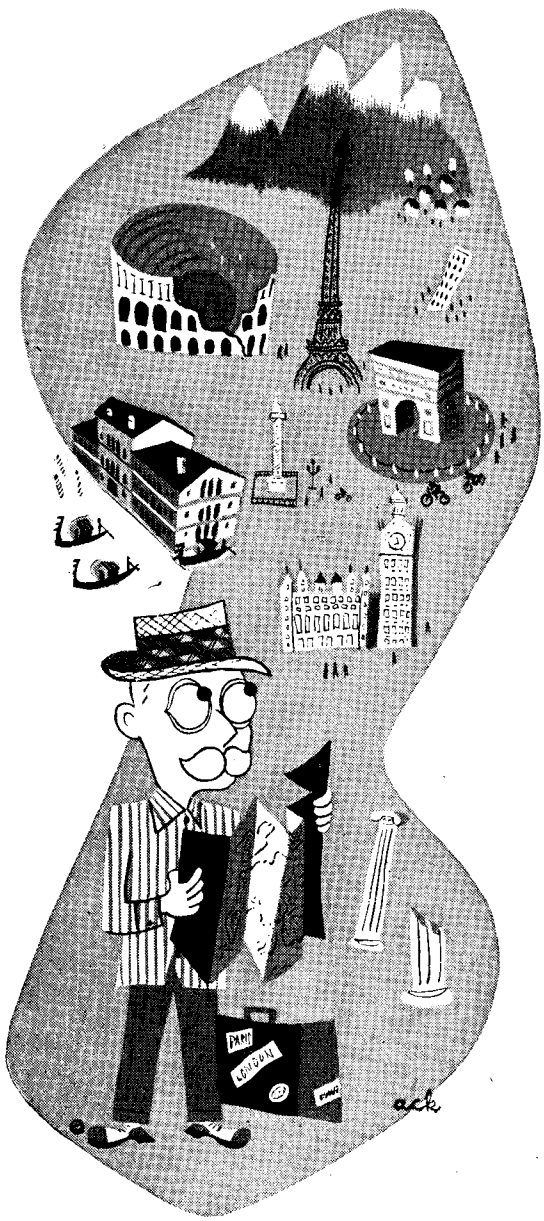

On the Swiss Riviera, in the heart of the continent, at a point of about equal distance from all the great capitals of Europe, Esquire is opening its first post-war European office, in charge of its editor and vice-president, Arnold Gingrich, on or before October 1st. Ultimately, there will be London and Paris offices, but now, from his vantage point on the "rooftop of Europe," Mr. Gingrich will aim to cover the Continent for Esquire and Coronet, in search of new and undiscovered and, no doubt in some instances, newly liberated, talent. Mr. Gingrich's address in Switzerland, where he will receive manuscripts and artwork from European sources, will be Le Paquis, Lavaux, Canton of Vaud. (With post-war plane schedules making news every day, we hope that he will soon receive there, too, many itinerant friends of Esquire and Coronet, passing and pausing in their travels when they reach this "turntable of Europe." Le Paquis, as all readers of M.F.K. Fisher will recall, counts a vineyard among its charms, so we trust that our Editor-in-Europe will be equipped to make your pause refreshing!)

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Far Places Coming Nearer—and Nearer

AS the great ships bring our fighting men from all over the world into American harbors the names of far places are becoming common household words. Time was, and not so long ago, when they were names written in a geography. Now they are part of a common American experience. The Vale of Cashmere, the high peaks of the Himalayas, the jungles and waterfalls of Africa, the Great Wall of China, the rivers and harbors of South America, the old cities of France and Spain and Italy all have become part of the everyday conversation in American homes. Far places are coming nearer—and nearer. The world is shrinking so fast that it is almost impossible to realize *how* fast.

A very well-known aviator said not long ago on a radio program that any of us, anywhere, is not more than fifty hours by air from any place on earth. This, in spite of all that has happened in the last decade, is an amazing, an astounding statement. It is a bit difficult for the older generation to take it in. Young people will accept it, eagerly and intelligently. Children will accept it with complete and utter calm. Means of travel of earlier times, from the covered wagon to fast express trains, have for them become stages in our history, facts that are taught them from books. We older ones must accept the new means of covering the earth's surface as a fact—a fact of very great significance. Do we realize that as a fact it must change the whole basis of education? No longer can we fit the children to a pattern or a theory. They will know through their own personal experience the whole round world and the people who live in it—brown and white and black, backward and progressive. Their judgment will be formed not on what we think that they should know but on what they see and hear and experience. Those in authority who are to prepare the children for this "fifty-hour" world might go back to the fundamentals of education, back to the real basic meaning of the word. "Educere—to lead forth." To lead forth from ignorance to knowledge, from prejudice to tolerance, from dependency to self-government, from narrow backgrounds to the wide, free spaces of the earth. This is a tremendous, an almost frightening responsibility. And it must be undertaken *now*. There is no time to lose.

Perhaps it will help to give the boys and girls books that will inform, but not dictate; books that they will read because they want to and not because they must. Here are a few. More will be reviewed in later issues.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

LINK BETWEEN CONTINENTS

CENTRAL AMERICAN ROUNDABOUT. By Agnes Rothery. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS book was published late last year, but if we are to take the boys and girls to the far places on this earth that their fighting men have known, it is a good guide. The soldiers stationed in the Panama Canal Zone would find familiar places in its pages. Airmen who blazed the trail to South America would recognize landmarks. Men who worked on the Pan-American Highway have seen and known the people who are described. This is Central America today; a curious mixture of old European habits and customs and of modern progress, often ugly progress in comparison with the beauty and color of the old things, but inevitable.

Miss Rothery's wording is skillful in that it succeeds in making a picture and giving a good deal of information in few words. Of Honduras she says:

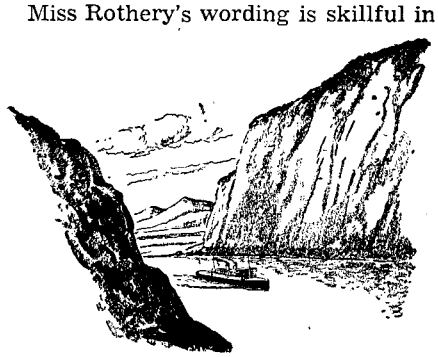
> The fairy godmother who gave presents to each of the Central American countries was very generous to Honduras. All along the low, hot country that borders the oceans she placed a band of gold. This gold is bananas. Bananas, bananas, bananas! When you are in a banana country it seems as if everybody and everything lives on bananas, and this is almost true. People eat them, horses and cows and goats and mules eat them. They say cats eat them, but whether this is true or not, it is certain that in those regions where the banana grows it serves nearly all the people as bread and potatoes serve us.

Boys and girls, reading this, will never see a banana without thinking of Honduras.

Here are, too, some vivid descriptions of remote places that even this informed age knows very little about; the Island of the Dead near Zapateria in Nicaragua where . . . "no bird dares to sing in its forest." Here have been found mounds of stone "which may have been statues of men and animals; and great slabs of rock with strange carvings which are not yet understood." Miss Rothery calls Nicaragua "the land of processions and festivals." She tells of the annual two-weeks festival in August when Santa Domingo de Guzman, the sailor Saint, is honored; how the men carry him on their shoulders from his village to his own particular church in Managua for the long celebration.

> They say the Saint understands just how long he is to stay in Managua, and if he is kept overtime, then he will go back home by himself. They tell stories of how, when Managua has tried to keep him even one night more than the two weeks, in the morning the Saint has gone and is found in his niche in the country church, where he has flown in the darkness.

The Panama Canal Zone is, of course, a part of the United States and will be very easy to reach when the war is



—From "Central American Roundabout."

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over. Miss Rothery's picture of its cities brings vivid memories to this reviewer—memories of the bazaars "selling all sorts of foreign brass and silk and perfumes and rugs and straw hats, . . . East Indians with turbans on their heads and Chinese with their black hair in long braids . . . Syrians, Danes, Arabs, Egyptians and Negroes, making their living from the tourists," memories of the great banyan trees at Balboa, of the lighthouse standing like a sentinel against the clear, still blue of the Pacific.

Before very long it will be a simple matter to travel through Central America. And there will still be color and romance enough to make it an adventure. Over a good part of it, Nature still rules. Let boys and girls read this book—and plan their trip through these countries that are the link between two great continents. Kurt Wiese's drawings are as stimulating as the text. M. G. D.

THE TOP OF THE WORLD

WITHIN THE CIRCLE: PORTRAIT OF THE ARCTIC. By Evelyn Stefansson. Maps by Richard Edes Harrison. Illustrated with Photographs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 160 *pp.* $2.50.

THE wife of the famous Arctic explorer has combined her gifts as a writer, her detailed knowledge of her subject, the help and advice of scientists from New York to the North Pole, maps that show clearly and artistically the new route for airplanes across "the top of the world" and photographs skillfully selected and well reproduced to make a book that all boys and girls whose imagination lingers in "far places" will find a treasure. The end-papers alone are "worth the price of admission" to this northern country. Mrs. Stefansson tells us that "it took a war" to answer the many questions about the far North. Science seeking a new way from one continent to another, GI fathers and brothers and sweethearts writing home to their families to explode the old theory of a frozen land inhabited only by Eskimos. Some of the chapter-headings here are exquisite photographs of wild flowers that grow and flourish under the midnight sun. The picture of the Lapps standing by their tents might be not the most northern part of Sweden, but our own Adirondacks or Maine forests. As for the people of the North—listen to their record:

—*From "Within the Circle."*

> There is no illiteracy in Iceland! The Island is the most bookish in the world, reading and publishing many times more books per capita than any other country. At the remotest farm or in the neighborhood barber shop you will find people who will converse equally well in subjects ranging from classic history and Plato to the American Civil War and current world news.

There is Dr. Porsild, that wise and gracious gentleman, watching from the window of his study on the Island of Disko off the coast of Greenland the splendid procession of the icebergs drifting slowly south. There is Dr. Leslie David Livingstone on his model farm at Aklavik more than one hundred miles north of the Circle tending his cows, growing his fruit and green vegetables under sunlight that lasts twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. There is Dr. Helge Larsen who discovered and excavated the strange buried city of Ipiutak. There are the patient Russian scientists who, under the Institute for the Peoples of the North founded in Leningrad twenty years ago, established the Weather Stations and Agricultural Experiment Stations in places that were practically unknown even to explorers. With these extraordinary photographs to make it more convincing, this is a fascinating record of the people of the North—the natives, the explorers. Amazing to anyone who has not known it is the record of the scientists and the workers; tiny villages in the Lapp country where everyone, even the poorest, has electricity for every possible purpose; places in northern Canada and in Alaska where the airplane is as commonplace a means of getting from one place to another as a taxi is to a New Yorker; farms whose exotic fruits and flowers and vegetables are grown by the latest scientific means.

If it is true that the Arctic Circle is going to be the quickest way in which to get from West to East and from East to West, then this country that Mrs. Stefansson describes so well will be familiar ground to city dwellers before many years have passed. This is a book that belongs to the future. It promises some thrilling adventures. M. G. D.

—*From "New Found World."*

THE DISCOVERERS

NEW FOUND WORLD. By Katherine B. Shippen. Illustrated by C. B. Falls. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 262 *pp.* $3.50.

HERE is a lively, informed, and fascinating book which dramatizes the greatest feat of modern times in terms that are as real and human as the events themselves. This is no dull recitation of facts out of source books, but a good story written from a sound sense of history and a regard for the dramatic import of human achievement that makes history. It gives a full picture of the pageantry of men's deeds of daring and courage, of imagination and vision, of cruelty and the drive for possessions which gave to Europe of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries new lands to explore, to conquer, and, later, to lose.

Four hundred years unfold before the reader, from the days when men in search of shorter routes to the riches of the East first landed in San Salvador and found new continents with strange Indian cultures—on through the days of the Conquistadors, the period of colonization by the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the French, the influence and leadership of Bolivar, San Martin, Juarez, and Sarmiento, on to the poets, musicians, artists, and leaders of today. It is the story, too, of the meeting of brown, black and white peoples in lands of great riches and great contrasts, of their struggle and their efforts toward the forming of the independent nations we know today, from Mexico down to the tip of Argentina.

Whether describing Indian cultures, the wild life and fauna, or the events that shape the life and history of Latin America, Miss Shippen makes clear the incidents and forces that form the character of each country. Good maps and illustrations by C. B. Falls confirm the rich color and variety of a fascinating subject.

MARIA CIMINO.

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CATTLE COUNTRY STORY

STOCKY; BOY OF WEST TEXAS. By Elizabeth W. Baker. Illustrated by Charles Hargens. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1945. 188 *pp.* $2.

STOCKY was twelve years old and newly orphaned when he first met John McDowell, who was on his way to the headquarters of the buffalo hunters. John McDowell was a little reluctant to take on the responsibility of the boy at this stage of his journey, but there was nothing else for him to do. And Stocky soon proved himself an asset, not a liability. His independent spirit, his quick, ingenious mind and ingratiating personality soon endeared him to his benefactor. When the buffalo hunt and the many exciting adventures that it involved were over, Stocky became John's partner in the cattle business and a real member of the McDowell family. It was just the sort of family that Stocky had dreamed about. It did not seem possible that life could offer him more. Then John decided that Stocky should have the same chance to go to college that he had given to his own son. He even forgot his prejudice against what he considered the uselessness of artists and let Stocky have an opportunity to learn to paint.

Stocky is an appealing person, in spite of the fact that he is so amazingly good and wise for his years. He goes through the whole gamut of pioneer life, from outlaws and Comanche Indians to a prairie fire, floods, and the discovery of a treasure in a cave. In every case Stocky is a hero. Through it all he never wavers in his determination to make "pictures that would embody the beauty of West Texas."

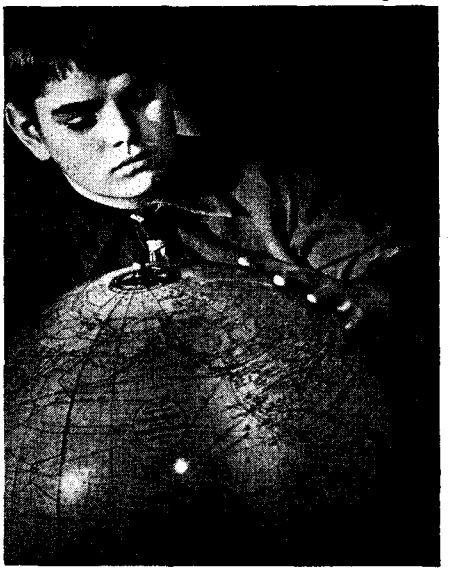
There is little originality in the story and the writing is full of hackneyed expressions, but the Texas background gives it its place among pioneer stories. The drawings, too, give a good picture of the locale.

RUTH A. HILL.

A BRAVE WORLD

THE SPRINGFIELD PLAN. Photographs by Alexander Alland. Text by James Waterman Wise. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 136 *pp.* $2.50.

THE text that makes a background for these unusual photographs of an unusual, perhaps historical, plan is clear, readable, and convincing. It gives in words what the photographs give—an "uncluttered" presentation of people—people living and working together under a common and clearly understood objective.



—From "The Springfield Plan."

Theories, charts, and outworn methods have no part in the Springfield Plan. Its objective is so old and so much a part of the history of these United States that it is best expressed in the Declaration of Independence or the Gettysburg Address. Every page of this book shows democracy at work. Race, creed, color are disregarded, Age is unimportant. From the children in the lowest grade in school to the old men whose wise faces appear in committee meetings—all have a share in this experiment.

Apparently, your value as a citizen of Springfield is determined by what you can contribute to its welfare in talent, good common sense, and experience. Older boys and girls painting murals on the walls of the High School are giving citizens, young and old, a picture of global unity. Older men and women discussing current affairs at town meeting are giving citizens the experience that life has given them. The city librarian, whose ancestors settled in Massachusetts three hundred years ago, is giving his advice on books that will help to wipe out racial and religious intolerance. We might ask; "Who controls it all? Who is responsible?" Dr. Wise tells us that John Granrud, the Springfield Superintendent of Schools, really fathered the Plan. Turning the pages of this book, one becomes convinced that the control lies in the hands of every man, woman, and child in the city who shows any capacity for leadership. Each one of them is a leader in so far as he or she is qualified to lead—a condition so ideal that it sounds utopian! And yet, it is apparently working out in an American manufacturing city today. May the seed that Dr. Granrud planted take root and grow in American soil, from Maine to California and from Canada to Mexico!

M. G. D.

POT-POURRI OF VERSE

VERY YOUNG VERSES. Selected by Barbara Peck Geismer and Antoinette Brown Suter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1945. 210 *pp.* $2.

IN a short foreword the editors of this anthology state very clearly that their standard of selection is "verses which have proved to have the greatest appeal, either by their content, rhythm, words, sound or humor." It is well to bear this in mind as you turn the pages. Otherwise the difference in literary value of the poems selected will be confusing. Some of the verses are permanent in value and will be "long remembered" by children who are sensitive to real poetry. Many of them are trivial, so trivial that they "will go in one ear and out the other." It would be a pity to burden the memory of a child with some of them.

But, taken as a whole, there is a good deal of vitality and humor in this little book. Some of the younger poets represented are little known to many boys and girls. They will like Tom Robinson's "Woodpecker with Long Ears" and Rachel Field's "Roads." They will chuckle over John Kendrick Bangs's "The Little Elf." The sensitive ones will listen in delight to Walter de la Mare's "The Snowflake" and Sara Teasdale's "Twilight." Christina Rossetti's lovely lines in "Who Has Seen the Wind?" will have the same haunting quality for the children of today that they had for the children of an older generation.

We wish that the vacation months could have offered a better selection of poetry for the children. This has some plums in it, but one has to seek for them.

M. G. D.

IN OLD GOTHAM

JONICA'S ISLAND. By Gladys Malvern. Illustrated by Corinne Malvern. New York: Julian Messner. 1945. 255 *pp.* $2.

JONICA'S story is laid in Nieuw Amsterdam in the middle of the seventeenth century. So unhappy had been her early life that to become a "bound girl" in the home of the prosperous Van der Voorts was as close to heaven as Jonica ever hoped to come. Six of the seven Van der Voort sons became her staunch allies and very dear friends remaining loyal to her through the msifortune that eventually banished her from their home. Jonica's courage in the face of an Indian raid and the plague of smallpox firmly reëstablish her in the family, however, this time secure-

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ly, as a beloved daughter and not a bound girl. It also opened the way to the happy fulfillment of her romance.

Jonica is a lovable person, full of gratitude for the small favors that life brings her, gracious and lovely in spite of her unfortunate background. The Van der Voorts, with the exception of the dour Willem, are a delightful family. Most of the characters are well drawn and the story is absorbing. We must admit, however, to considerable shock in meeting with that rare thing in fiction—the completely wicked father. Jonica's father, to all appearances, has not one single good quality that might justify him as the father of Jonica or even as a human being. There is not even a strain of magnificence in his badness. It is just ugly and sordid. We could not help wishing that some misfortune other than a bad man for a father had placed Jonica in her unhappy plight. However, the author has made use of the situation to show how misdemeanors were punished, to bring out interesting contrasts in the lives of her characters, and to show how cruelty and a lack of humane feeling can creep into the civilization of even so kind and pious a people as the early Dutch settlers.

The picture of Nieuw Amsterdam is well painted. Rather than interfering with the plot the background helps the story and gives it color. The illustrations are very much a part of the text.

RUTH A. HILL.

OF FAR WORLDS

PICTURE BOOK OF ASTRONOMY. By Jerome S. Meyer. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1945. 36 *pp.* $1.75.

THERE are certain children who will find this book more fascinating than a fairytale. It is told so clearly, so graphically that even very little boys and girls will comprehend it. And the drawings, the whole design of the book is dramatic, arresting. The distance between the earth and the sun, the attraction of gravity, the movement of light and sound, the movement of the earth around the sun—all these rather intricate things become here thrilling facts that can be grasped and accepted. Mr. Meyer tells us frankly that a journey to Mars must depend upon the invention of a rocket powerful enough to get away from the earth, and then, when it has conquered gravitation, take us there. He tells us that the journey will take more than ten years—a challenging fact to a child of eight or nine! He then proceeds to tell us what will happen on the trip and after we arrive. The whole story is told in terms that make it plain to even very small boys and girls. And what a story it is! The account of what it is really like on the moon and Richard Floethe's stunning drawing opposite page seventeen are almost as exciting.

During the vacation months in the country or at the shore we can easily imagine this book becoming the centre of attraction for an entire family—and their neighbors. It is not a "pocket" book. It is fairly large so that there will be space on the page for these spacious drawings. Perhaps some resourceful mother or aunt could make a cover for it of waterproof cloth. Because it asks to be taken out-of-doors. It needs to be compared with the sun by day and the moon and the stars by night. If a generous father buys it at some bookshop on his way home to his family, he will probably become so absorbed in it that he will forget to get out at his own station. But when he does arrive, he will bring with him a veritable treasure.

M. G. D.

CHINA'S CHILDREN

ONE-FIFTH OF THE WORLD'S CHILDREN. Prepared by The United China Relief Advisory Committee on Child Care and Development. 1945. 15 *pp.*

THIS little pamphlet gives a simple but interesting picture of China's children as well as an explanation of the ways in which The United China Relief serves these children. A brief text and good photographs describe the schools and orphanages in present-day China, the food, clothing, and customs of Chinese children. At the end are listed with descriptive notes the various agencies through which the United China Relief aids the children of China.

RUTH A. HILL.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Sophia Baines, in "Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett. 2. Crystal Allen, in "The Women," by Clare Boothe. 3. Mary Sutherland, in "A Case of Identity," by Conan Doyle. 4. Roberta Alden, in "An American Tragedy," by Theodore Dreiser. 5. Terry Randall, in "Stage Door," by Edna Ferber & George Kaufman. 6. Della Street, in the Perry Mason stories, by Erle Stanley Gardner. 7. Dulsie, in "An Unfinished Story," by O. Henry. 8. "Kitty Foyle," by Christopher Morley. 9. Francie Nolan, in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," by Betty Smith. 10. Honor Knightly, in "Rain in the Doorway," by Thorne Smith.

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the Phoenix Nest

Introducing:

RIME

The Weakly Musemagazine

Or

Love Among the Poets

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Helmuth Aufkeinebuche was born in Westphalia. He published *Mannlichkeit* in his fifteenth year. He is one of our foreign relations that we almost respect for his *Aufgang* and his *Untergang.* His *Machts Nichts Aus* does not exceed these, though it succeeds them. An almost Gothic casualness pervades these small, apt volumes. On the other hand, Aufkeinebuche never seeks to exalt the trivial at the expense of the concrete. Nor very often does he fall on the concrete. But he misses.

• • • •

Antoinette Malouet, born at Liseux, demonstrated at an early age her love of dentistry. Apprenticed to a Doctor Evreux she soon ran away and lived for three years in the Louvre without being discovered. She *says* it was in the *Salle des Primitifs Français,* behind a large altarpiece from the Palais de Justice. Here she wrote most of the fragile poems to appear in *Fleur-deliser,* addressed to her family and her critics, and later in the more ambitious *Coloquinte;* in the American edition, *Bitter Gourd.* Unfortunately the translations of her work by G. Harold Ruppy are perfectly abominable.

• • • •

Marcel Ost, whose real name is Nikolai Mikhailovich Ostrovsky, was born near the Dnieper in a droshky, falling out of this open vehicle into the snow. One must realize this in order to trace the snow obsession or, it might almost be called the snow *blindness* persisting through his six volumes of brief staccato lyrics. One critic has compared them to short machine-gun bursts, another to exacerbated yelps from a Siberian bloodhound. In any case, their first impact upon the ear is deafening. A coma supervenes in which we hear what seem to be the veritable voices of the angels. Vladimir, as his friends call him, because it is not his name, excels perhaps in such mutations; but it is only fair to point out that there exists another school of thought that queries, "Or does he?"

THE WAR.

Oh, for God's sake!

THE ENEMY

Whilps the Outnurse. (A Pantoum). By *Beverley Grudge.* Imps & Imps. $6.

This lousy little presentation of interlocking complexes should never have seen the light.

Minna Munster.

The Story of Remy. By *Arthur Storm.* The Marmot Press. $2.50.

This narrative poem of 456 pages, divided into twelve cantos, was a mistake from the beginning. I don't like it. And don't ask me why! In final contemplation one would suggest that the author give it all up and take up the profession of surgeon, as occasionally his critical scalpel seems deft. But a poet? Ha! Ha!

Hubert Shoetree.

Crimson King; Or a Bearded Iris with Violet-Purple Flowers. Lyrics by *Horton Horton.* Horton & Horton. $1.

Come off it, Horton, I used to know you in school!
You were an iris then; when did you get bearded?

Rollo Rompers.

Whiz-Bang. By *"Peter Piper."* Hetherington-Goodbody. $2.50.

A book of war poems. Lousy.

MacNeil Stramers.

Uriel. By *Slade Urlingham.* Trench & Sleibert. $3.

I was sick when this book first came out. Now I've read it, I'm sick and tired.

Lilybud Murphy.

Isophane. By *Watling Gainsborough.* Trickle & Trickle. $1.

Stinks.

Rollo Rompers.

PEOPLE

I Am Adamant. By *Rollo Rompers.* Bingle & Brothers. $2.

Those who frequent the automats of the soul will naturally be quite unable to appreciate the allusive elusiveness and the iron senectitude of Mr. Rompers's classical alidade. What should be the critical angle? In optics, at least, the critical angle is the least angle of incidence at which total reflection takes place (*How true of this book!*) made by a ray of light (And what a ray!) passing through one medium toward another which is less refracting. That seems to me a perfect definition of the art of Mr. Rompers. It varies with the color of the light used. Similarly, in aeronautics, it is the angle of attack at which the flow about the airfoil changes abruptly (*we have seen this concretely illustrated in some of Mr. Rompers's searching criticism!*) with corresponding abrupt changes in the lift and drag. An airfoil may have two or more critical angles, but then I am certainly not an airfoil; or, on the other hand, is a critic of poetry not *always* an airfoil when one considers—what *am* I talking about?

Lilybud Murphy.

Jade and The Jaded. By *Lilybud Murphy.* Winch & Inch. $2.

There is only one word to use concerning this book. I say it is a masterpiece. I say it reverently.

Rollo Rompers.

Burned Alive

Themus Throup, founder of Baba and the Verminist School has been attacked by George Washington Blintz of the New School for the Extermination of Schools, in a venomous article in the July *View.* Replying in a signed editorial in *Gauge,* chief organ of the present Zigzagists, Throup falls into a vein that literally scorches Blintz. He points out that Blints was *where* in the days of *transition?* It is said that Blintz will consult his literary partner, Don Emu, and that both may try the old Statue of Liberty play on Throup. At present Throup has the croup.

And that's the news as it looks from here. This is

THE EDIOTORS OF RIME:
a Weakly Musemagazine.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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IS THERE SOMEONE who would be interested in establishing a Literary Agency? I have the necessary background and experience. ELEANOR ROBERTS PARKER, Room 718, 29 East 29 Street, New York 16, N. Y. (MU. 4-0600).

EXQUISITE MINIATURE reproduction of heirloom colonial ladderback chair. King-size cigarette height. My hobby is your whatnot's gain. Every one I sell at $2.50 breaks my heart, so you may as well take your choice of mahogany, maple or black. Hilleary House, 411 Longbeach Parkway, Village or Bay, Ohio.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION has struck a new low in receipt of books, but the boys on our ships are reading more than ever. Our sailors find their only diversion and relaxation during long and often perilous voyages, in the books supplied by this Library, and they are omniverous readers. Look around for good books you are through with, then write or phone Mrs. Harry Howard, American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York City. (Phone BOwling Green 9-0220) and don't underrate our seamen's intelligence.

PERSONALS

ANNOUNCEMENT

Effective September 1st, the rate for advertising in the Personals and Classified columns of *SRL* will be 15c per word—count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—in either department—are as follows: 26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Present contracts will be fulfilled at the old rates.

ARMY WIFE, young son, desperately need medium-priced apartment or willing to exchange secretarial services, minding children, care of apartment for home. Box 946-L.

MATURE but not dowdy, experienced but progressive, librarian with M.A. in English, seeks challenging and renumerative position. Box 948-L.

WRITER (male) with seven-year-old wants cottage near New York for September. Preferably Fire Island. Box 949-L.

PROLIFIC, WHIMSICAL ARTIST, writer exchanges whimsy with all. Box 924-L.

TRAVEL without benefit of O.D.T.? Can it be done? Geographer, 29, B.S., single, fed up with subway journeys, desires opportunity for research, writing, teaching, development of training films, with postwar promise of honest-to-john travel. Can read, write, speak Spanish acceptably, English excellently, has an insatiable curiosity, and a few theories on the relationship of geography to history and economics which might interest a business seeking to develop new markets. Box 925-L.

WANTED: Year round, secluded cottage. Unfurnished. Fifty dollars monthly. Long Island only. Possibly on farm or private estate. Box 926-L.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

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YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K.

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MIDWESTERN CULTURED WOMAN welcomes letters from mature man of wisdom. Box 851-L.

WANTED: in an attractive western city, a children's librarian who really likes children, knows good books and is able to put the two together. Salary depends on experience. Correspondence invited. Box 892-L.

LITERARY CONTEST—Open to amateurs and professionals. Prizes: Long story, $25; Short story, $20; Light Essay, $15; Sketch, $15; Poem, $15; Group of Poems, $15. Send for rules or address manuscripts now to THE VILLAGER, Bronxville, New York.

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HUMORIST wants "lack" or rewrite work. Can rattle off satire or slapstick. Play dialogue a specialty. Box 939-L.

WRITERS: Quiet and beautiful surroundings. Expert coaching. August and September. Address—Sunny Valley Writers, Laughing Waters Farm, Huntington, Massachusetts.

PERSONALS

JOAN FAY: Should this meet your sea-green eyes, please write. Box 952-L.

NEEDED: A lady correspondent who dotes on the deep stuff, like astronomy, for instance, yet is very, very feminine nonetheless. Box 940-L.

WANTED: Young lady assistant in juvenile book department. Permanent position. Start immediately. State qualifications. Box 928-L.

WOMAN, good health, optimistic, bookish, eats-to-live, wishes board (reasonable), accessible country, preferably New England. Box 1112, 130 East 57 Street, N.Y.C.

INTERESTED IN TYPING MANUSCRIPTS beautifully, accurately. C. Korman, 21 East 14 Street, N.Y.C.

TEACHER OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION needed. Episcopal Church boarding school for girls. Middle West. No dormitory supervision. Moderate salary. Excellent working and living conditions. Box 980-L.

TRANSLATIONS: French, Spanish, German, Italian, Russian, Chinese. Reasonable rates. Box 596-L.

UNLOAD YOUR SUBSCRIPTION CHORES! Send me your want-list of magazines and newspapers, new and renewal; I get all available; bill you afterwards. Catalog, circular, free. John Crehore, Postbox 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

WANTED: BOOKS, old and new, about New York City. Box 879-L.

GENTLEMAN, early fifties, excellent character, appearance, education and personality. Good business experience. Personal interests; philosophy, nature, writing, intelligent living. Employed but seeking opportunity offering greater expression. Free to travel. Would make capable secretary, personal Business Manager, or work demanding character and understanding of life. Prefer living in small town. Best references. Box 951-L.

STIMULATING CORRESPONDENCE on worthwhile subjects desired by mature woman with high ideals with educated, refined gentleman. Box 944-L.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY FARMHOUSE, 300-ish, about eight miles from Valley Forge, desiring appreciative owner-biographer, offers simple charm, colorful gardens, and British bullet-holes. Box 929-L.

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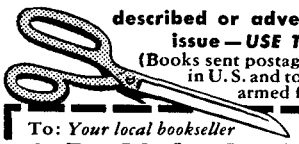
A MATURE WOMAN, fond of country life, invites correspondence from a middle-aged man of sincerity and understanding. Box 943-L.

(Continued on next page)

TO ORDER ANY BOOK



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(PRINT TITLES OF BOOKS WANTED).....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

ZONE NO.

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 37)

VETERAN, executive secretary, desires interesting position. Will travel. Box 932-L.

WOMAN, 25, intelligent, ambitious, colored, desires position of any kind; is free to travel, can drive car, references. Box 947-L.

WANTED: The best editorial and administrative man available for top position in a book publishing company. The man we need should have general editorial book knowledge with a specialist's experience in books for subscription, mail order and newsstand sales. We also publish a limited list of special editions for regular book channels. The position is an important one. Remuneration will be in accordance with responsibilities. If you have the necessary experience and are interested, will you write us briefly outlining your experience? Your letter will be held in complete confidence and an early interview arranged. Our present staff knows about this advertisement. Please do not write unless you have the broad experience outlined above. Box 953-L.

DANCE LOVERS: How Beautiful Upon the Mountain—a History of Jacob's Pillow. Contains nine chapters of text and is lavishly illustrated with photographs of over one hundred great dance personalities of today. Cover design by Major Felten. One dollar fifty cents postpaid. Send check or money order to TED SHAWN, Box 87, Lee, Mass.

WRITER, wife and child desperately in need of New York furnished apartment. Highest references. Phone Miss Wilaine, BR. 9-4275.

SUCCESSFUL YOUNG BUSINESS MAN, buried in work through last four years, would rediscover the charm and excitement of the female through correspondence; promises to cherish and amuse to the utmost limits of pen and paper the adventurous wench whose pen is both nimble and beguiling. Box 955-L.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 W. 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. A TRANSIENT hotel for TRANSIENT visitors. Single rooms from $4.00; Double rooms from $6.00; Suites from $8.50. All with bath. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theaters.

SEMI-RETIRED business woman, college, interested in writing, wishes to correspond with gentleman similar background and interests. Box 956-L.

EXPERIENCED in European public affairs, will assume responsible position in publishing house, library, research institute. High education political science, languages. References. Box 954-L.

ARIZONA, two things: Transportation thereto (share expenses); Job therein—Outdoor, active, some intellectual involvements if possible. Girl 25. Box 966-L.

AUTHOR seeks ambitious literary Collaborator financially able to assist him moderately in publishing vital modus operandi making Christian principles humanly practicable at last! ACKER, 10 South 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WOULD THERE BE some way I could help you in exchange for home and help with college education? Box 957-L.

GENTEEL, fun-loving Southern girl would like correspondence with gentleman. Box 958-L.

WIDOWED PHYSICIAN, with small children, exasperated by duration-quality housekeepers, needs middle-aged woman who keeps house with pride, cooks with imagination and speaks grammatically—which language unimportant. Alternative: Share large house, pool expenses, with professional woman with family. Los Angeles. Box 959-L.

ATTRACTIVE 7 room house, Steinway Grand, large yard, Nation's Capitol—Mother and daughter, too large—Will share. Suggestions appreciated. Box 963-L.

WANTED: Paul Morillot's "Scarron et le Genre Burlesque." Box 965-L.

AT LIBERTY: Young woman, literary, theatrical, business experience; a live job preferably assisting playwright, author or allied fields. Box 945-L.

PERSONALS

FORMER EXPORT EXECUTIVE, sidetracked by war into domestic, desires position export manager industrial field. Extensive Latin American experience. Bilingual—Spanish, English. University graduate. Highest references. Box 933-L.

EASTERNER, veteran, welcomes correspondence contemporaries interested literature, music, theater. Box 934-L.

ACTIVE, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, with sense of humor, former kindergarten director, seeks autumn position in small, motherless home; business woman's apartment; teach active or crippled child. Would travel. Companion. Box 935-L.

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN—Efficient, pleasing to look at and pleasant, wishes position that will utilize various talents and abilities developed during service in public library work. Really enjoys helping people. Not necessarily library work. Box 950-L.

WONDER IF EXISTS elderly, cultured, peaceful lady (music, art, books, theater, traveling) who wants to correspond elderly gentleman who does not cry about yesterday's rain; saves humor, energy to fight for better in life? Box 938-L.

EXPERIENCED TRANSLATOR and researcher, Spanish and French into English. Non-technical subjects. Box 941-L.

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WIDOW of American professional man, who spent years in Hawaii, wishes to correspond with intellectual and travelled people who love children. Box 962-L.

CLASSIFIED

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

STILL more about John Clare: Mary Lynch Johnson, of Meredith College, Raleigh, N. C., does us a distinct service in reminding us of that quaintly stimulating essay by Hugh Walpole, *Reading,* and especially of a passage toward the end in which he expresses his indebtedness to John Clare: "When I come to examine myself and enter into that engaging business of making lists I discover that, without fear or favor, and with my hand on my heart, my half-dozen favorite poets are, in the order named, Wordsworth, Keats, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Robert Bridges, and John Clare; and when I look at that list I know that, apart from their individual genius, it is because of their evocation of English scenes and sights and sounds that I love them so much. Clare, discovered for me a few years ago by Mr. Blunden, was a tremendous event in my life; I felt that this was a poet for whom I had for years been waiting; not a great poet, I suppose, at least in the sense of philosophical greatness, a monotonous poet to many people. And yet someone exactly *right* for me." The Essay, I find, was brought out in 1926 in a neat little volume constituting one of a series edited by J. B. Priestley entitled "These Diversions."

In the past few months we have been proud to learn of such famous DC followers as Ray Stannard Baker, Rupert Hughes, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Ernest H. Wilkins, President of Oberlin College who with his wife is a Decennial member. R. S. B. was taken somewhat by surprise, he writes, when, tied up in knots in *The New York Times* May DC, he suddenly unravelled himself: "I had not gone far before I had begun to feel like Stout Cortez staring with a wild surmise but . . . it was some time before I could make sure of my Pacific—that the quotation was from my own 'American Chronicle'! I need not tell you how amused and pleased I was." I had already copied another passage from that book for Series 20. I suggest that you secure the second volume of Rupert Hughes's distinguished "George Washington" and, if you haven't time to read the whole, turn to the original and epigrammatic passages in the end summing up Hughes's point of view in writing the "Life of Washington." Incidentally I'm having a good time searching for material for Series 20 as I want to use authors I've not yet used to any extent and the open shelves of the College Library invite such exploration.

That Riley DC seems to have "jammed up the works" to an unintentional degree. Jannette L. Sturges, Redland, Calif., made it after a struggle, but she can't find the poem in Riley, nor can she find Rittenhouse, the astronomer, in her "Britannica."

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 594

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Member of the family *Upupidae,* of Europe, Asia, Africa (a bird).

B. Bishop of the Goths and translator of Bible into earliest known specimen extant of Teutonic languages (4th Cent. A.D.)

C. Less (It.; Music direction).

D. Extra rations; a windfall (Brit. Army slang).

E. A freckle.

F. Foray; raid.

G. Expansion of the Hudson, in description of Sleepy Hollow (Irving).

H. Novel by Conan Doyle (1891; with "The").

I. Scraps; remnants (3 wds.)

J. Resembling, or pertaining to, gulls.

K. Clown in "Twelfth Night."

L. Eldritch.

M. Packed full; jammed together (Naut.)

N. Very distant, mysterious, mythical region (Latin; 2 wds.)

O. Wife of Cronus and mother of Zeus (identified also with Cybele).

P. Author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Q. Last letter of the Greek alphabet.

R. Corresponding or comparative.

S. A rabbinic seminary (Jewish).

T. The race of giants (like Og Bib.)

U. Other name for the Battle of Senlac (1066).

V. A pack of phantom dogs, souls of unbaptized children, etc., (Eng. Folklore).

W. Small four-stringed Portuguese guitar.

X. Deprives of contents or the like.

Y. English-born American orchestra conductor (1882-).

WORDS

48 56 68 42 175 19

81 43 155 90 140 176 121

59 136 88 34

71 85 30 18 27 21 164 134

22 55 31 100 131 17 33

177 87 108 74 1 180

47 26 52 105 160 181 23 126 37

66 50 12 35 149 101 24 28 172 184 117 9

54 169 124 153 106 114 45 7 13 79 178

143 78 38 154 15 89

165 109 61 150 44

141 72 183 132 107

6 99 41 174 161 32 92 144 129 156 133

29 168 98 139 77 113 130 11 170 8 162

147 36 80 63

65 104 120 185 138

25 159 94 122 157

5 75 16 58 111 103 145 97

173 40 127 67 116 96 146

95 167 53 84 142 69 163

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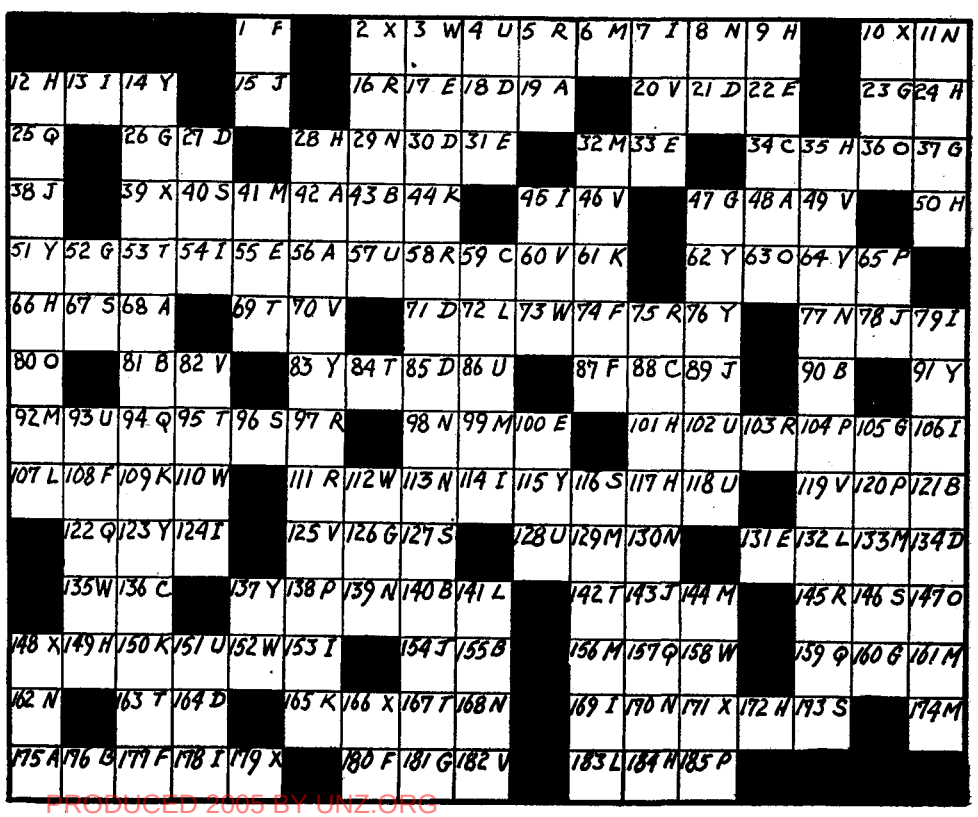
62 83 91 115 123 137 76 14 51



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